Week ending April 24 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

THE RETURN OF RAFFLES | **REACH FOR THE SKY** Paul Brickhill's life of **DOUGLAS BADER**

DIFFERENT...

BY ROWNTREES

for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

EDITORIAL

Fancy on the top?

MR. RONALD LEES-SMITH is more than just a barber. He is a hair stylist, as he proclaims on the front of his shop at Streatham, in London.

A haircut there is a ritual which may include a permanent wave and discreet tinting. Each customer has a record card, thus: "John Smith; cut and wash, full sides, medium full top, low neckline, natural finish, set in and blow wave, loose wave on side, flattish on crown and back."

CHARGES are slightly higher than in more unpretentious barbers—three shillings for styling and two shillings for subsequent haircut. In the more exotic range the price is 17s. 6d. for a front permanent wave or 12s. 6d. for a few curls. There are plenty of customers, and they take their hair and themselves very seriously.

MR. LEES-SMITH
Ritual in the barber's shop

"My clients are not only young bloods. They range from actors to businessmen," says Mr. Lees-Smith.

He is one of the leaders in a trend which has prompted an estimated 5,500 men's hairdressers—forty-five per cent of the total—to offer special coiffures in addition to ordinary haircuts-and-trims.

The president of the National Hairdressers' Federation, Councillor Joe Eaton, who has a modest shop in Stockport, says: "Men are becoming much more hair-conscious, partly due to the 'get-that-man's-hair-cut' attitude in the Forces."

THERE are now forty different fashions. Best-known are "The Crew-Cut" (short all over); "The Tony Curtis" (straight sides with a front bunch of curls); and "The DA.," standing for "District Attorney" (long and swept back to a point).

There are styles for professional men—or for those who like to picture themselves as such. These include "The Author," described in the album which some barbers keep in their saloons as "neatness for a head of long hair"; "The Student," which requires four or five treatments to encourage the wave over the forehead; and "The Editor," combed back from a parting almost in the centre.

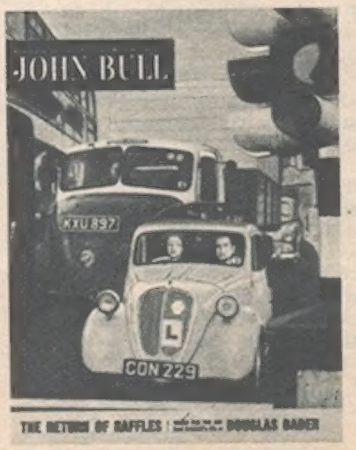
FOR those with more striking tastes there are the "Tee-Vee," with its curls coming to a "V" over the eyes, and "The Crescent," with a heavy wave in front.

If named hair styles for men really catch on, some new ones will be necessary. How about "The Friar Tuck"—quick snipping of the few remaining hairs—or "The Cavalier," for the man who wears it over his ears?

But perhaps the most useful of all might be "The Reactionary"—for the ordinary man who just says: "Short back and sides, please."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

NEARLY half of Britain's million and a half learner-drivers fail their tests every year. A sad thought for artist Harry Zelinski's wife, Mary, when the car stalled as the traffic lights changed. But there is no evidence that women drivers are as bad as many men drivers like to make out, and Mary passed her test soon after. Zelinski, who himself taught her to drive, comments dryly: "There is no significance at all in the fact that I am now buying a new car."



When the Headmistress found new-girl Sally sobbing in bed, she asked if she was homesick.

"No, not *really*," Sally said, "it's just that at home the bed-clothes are always so *fresh*-feeling; Mummy uses Jeypine when they're washed."

"Jeypine?" the headmistress said. "Made by Jeyes', I seem to remember, and therefore excellent. Kills germs instantly—we'll use it from now on."

Sally isn't homesick in the *least* now—especially as Jeypine's lovely pine fragrance makes school seem more than ever like home.

"A highly important subject, hygiene," says the Head. "Jeypine teaches germs a lesson they never recover from!"

JEYPINE

the better **PINE DISINFECTANT**

Obtainable from Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores everywhere in bottles at 1/- and 1/10d.

JEYPINS

Made by JEYES'—Makers of the famous Jeyes' Fluid and Toilet Papers

The Dignity of 'Old Charm'

This finely carved dining room range is a further example of the style and beauty that characterises "Old Charm." It comprises: 4ft. Dresser with 2 drawers and 2 spacious cupboards. Price **£26.17.6**

Corner Cupboard with roomy cupboard and display shelves; 5'5" high. Price **£10.13.6**

Gate Leg Table (folded 3' x 1'6") seats four people with ease. Price **£15.14.6**

Soundly built chairs of graceful design, with choice of tapestried or linen seats. Price **£3.16.3**

Arm Chairs. Price **£5.5.0**

Any item may be purchased separately.

For address of stockists and full details write to:

WOOD BROS. (Furniture) LTD
Lockfield Avenue, Brimsdown, Enfield, Middlesex
Telephone: Howard 1007

Old Charm Furniture

A nose in the air answers this riddle

UNPLEASANT household smells can be made to vanish—quickly and completely—when you use Air-wick. Air-wick kills smells with "odour-pairers."

Almost every unpleasant household smell has a "pair," another smell that cancels it out. For instance, camphor and Eau de Cologne destroy each other, and paraffin and beeswax.

Air-wick works on this same principle.* It contains chlorophyll and more than 125 natural compounds. Singly and together, these "odour-pairers" kill almost every nasty household smell. Air-wick really *destroys* smells; it doesn't just cover them up with another smell.

Make sure your home is always fresh and pleasant. Use Air-wick regularly. But be sure it's Air-wick you buy. Don't accept cheap imitations, for only Air-wick contains chlorophyll and more than 125 natural compounds. Air-wick costs 3/6 at chemists, grocers, ironmongers and household stores.

* First established by Zwaardemaker in 1895

Air-wick kills even the nastiest smells, like those of cooking cabbage, frying fish, pets, laundry, and tobacco fug. Air-wick is not a disinfectant. It doesn't just cover up one smell with another; it kills smells utterly.

Air-wick CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL

The makers of Air-wick are specialists in all forms of industrial and domestic odour-control

STATE EXPRESS

'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

APRIL 24, 1954 VOL. 95 NO. 2495 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

He decided to stop tipping

FOR years I tipped quite heavily at the London restaurant where I lunched, because I felt that the waiters deserved it.

When I mentioned the excellent service to a friend recently, he said: "You get treated well because you're lavish with your money. Try not tipping, and then see what happens." I thought he was wrong, but I decided to try the experiment. I have been shocked by the difference it has made. My usual table has not been kept for me. The waiters have been slow in bringing my food, told me that dishes were not available, and misheard my orders.

Today I walked out when the waiter taking my order said sarcastically: "I'm afraid you've chosen rather an expensive dish." I have determined never to tip again until a restaurant has convinced me that it gives good service as a matter of routine, without weighing up what I'm worth. — GEORGE ROBERTSON, Middlesex.

Mystic East

I WAS stationed in Iraq during my last overseas tour with the R.A.F., and my married quarters overlooked the cantonment where the civilians lived who worked on the camp. There was always something interesting going on in the cantonment, and in the evenings I used to go up on to my roof to watch. One evening, after the sun had set, I was surprised to see what appeared to be a small layer of red-hot coke rising from the ground. It travelled vertically until it was about six feet above the level of the flat roofs of the houses, paused, then floated horizontally for a couple of yards, and finally dropped about five feet and remained still.

The mystery was then explained. The fire was a glowing brazier of charcoal which warmed an Iraqi family when they slept in the open. It had been carried up a ladder to the roof by an Arab woman dressed in a black gown. She had carried it on her head.—G. A. B. T., Felixstowe.

Public Opinion

NOT a great deal of attention should be paid to what schoolchildren say in class in answer to personal questions. My six-year-old daughter is usually straightforward and truthful, but she recently confessed to telling her teacher that she always went to bed after nine o'clock ("Free Speech," April 3). She said she had feared that many of the children in the class might have thought her a "softie" if she had answered truthfully that her bedtime was half past seven. Similarly, she didn't put her hand up to show that she cleaned her teeth and scrubbed her nails regularly, because she didn't want to be different from everyone else. I wonder how many other children in the class were thinking the same.—MRS. MARY ROBINSON, Cambridge Street, Werneth, Oldham, Lancashire.

The Spectacle

ABOUT a year ago, I was summoned to attend as a witness at a murder trial. During each day of the hearing, the public gallery of the courtroom contained a number of gum-chewing and sweet-eating people, the vast majority of them women. (I saw one woman drawing potato crisps from a paper bag.) It made me think that perhaps we have not progressed much since the days when such events as public executions were occasions for family outings.—K. O. R., County Antrim.

Cases are tried in public. After a witness has given evidence he may remain in the courtroom and listen to the proceedings. The last public execution in Britain was in 1868.

City Frogs

MY son Peter came home from school last week and said that his teacher had asked the children to get some

frog spawn. I thought this would mean taking a journey out into the suburbs, but we decided to try first at a pond a few minutes' walk from our home. This pond is only a mile or so from the centre of the city and alongside a railway line, so my hopes of success were not very great. But we were lucky after all, and my photograph shows Peter and his friend admiring their catch.—G. W. HORTON, Burgin Drive, Collyhurst, Manchester, 9.

. . . The biology master at my school likes to play mild tricks on the boys. Last Friday he called a friend of mine to his desk and asked him to transfer some frog spawn from one jar to another. My friend went to pour it, but the master shouted: "That's not the way, boy. Use your hands." So he used his hands, and the spawn slipped through his fingers and fell into the master's lap.—H. MILES, Hampshire.

Threadbare Spree

I GAVE one of my neighbours a lift to the station the other morning, and on the way he mentioned that he was taking his family to Switzerland this summer. "We can't afford it, really," he said. "But we'll scrape by if we make the old car do for another year and go easy on clothes." The same morning, one of my clerks told me that he was taking his wife to Spain. He comes to work on a bicycle, and lives in a three-room flat. I've no time for these people who stint themselves the year round to pay for expensive holidays. They have nothing to show for it afterwards.—L. E., Cheshire.

Right Angle

DURING journeys by bus or coach, I often suffer from travel sickness. In the United States, recently, I found that long-distance buses had rear-mounted engines (so there were no petrol fumes), air-conditioning, and tinted window-glass to reduce glare. None of these helped my stomach a bit. Then I discovered that by pressing a button I could tilt the back of

Continued on page 6

"I was in a fix the day he came home!"

YOUNG WIFE, OLD PROBLEM! Her sailor husband came home on leave unexpectedly. And what *had* upset her was that beautiful white linen dress he'd sent her from Singapore. She'd so much wanted to wear it for him. But how could she? (It was hopelessly stained with tea which her sister had spilt a few days before his arrival.) Then, lucky for her, she met a Surf demonstrator at a shop down the road. What did the demonstrator tell her?

Read on and see what happened!

HERE'S THE ANSWER

It doesn't matter whether the stain is caused by tea, grease, fruit juice or anything else—you tackle the job the same way. If the stains are heavy, soak the stained fabric in cold water and Surf suds as soon as possible. Leave it soaking for half an hour at least.

Next, add 3 heaped tablespoons of Surf for each 2 gallons of *cold* water in your boiler (hot water may set stains). Put the clothes in, bring to the boil, then boil for ten minutes. There's no need to boil longer—it just means you'll be wasting fuel.

Happy day! She was able to wear her new white dress, after all—and how her husband admired it! Everything had worked like a charm—all the stains vanished completely. That's what SPOTLESS means when you boil with Surf!

Surf boils spotless!

Get a packet of this new detergent in time for next washday. Prove for yourself Surf washes *everything* spotless. It's a Lever Product.

Hair looks best when you check DRY SCALP

You can't look your best when you have Dry Scalp—dry, scruffy, unmanageable hair that won't stay put. So smarten up. Start to check Dry Scalp now, this sure way. It's easy!

Gently massage a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic into the scalp every morning for 20 seconds. This supplements natural scalp oils, makes a big improvement.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic used regularly soon checks Dry Scalp. Hair looks naturally healthy, stays well-groomed all day. Look your best. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It costs only 2/6, or 3/9 for double the quantity. Get a bottle today.

Vaseline* **HAIR TONIC**

The dressing that checks Dry Scalp

*'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

3370-7

Decorating?

FIRST FILL THOSE CRACKS WITH . . .

ALABASTINE

Before painting, wallpapering or distempering, see that all cracks and crevices are permanently filled with Alabastine. It makes all surfaces as good as new and ensures a first-class finish to any job you undertake. There is nothing just as good.

FREE! Send for Booklet 'Repairing & Decorating' containing many useful hints on uses of Alabastine.

ALABASTINE CO. LTD., ASHMOLE STREET, LONDON, S.W.8

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

my seat to an angle of about forty-five degrees. I felt immediate relief, and travelled several hundred miles without discomfort.—D. B. SMITH, Slough, Buckinghamshire.

Some British coaches are fitted with adjustable seats.

Family Of Nations

MY father, who was a Dutch sailor, married an Englishwoman and settled in this country. He was never naturalized, but I am British by birth. My father had six brothers and four sisters. One of the brothers married an Italian and another a Dane. One of the sisters married a German. My mother's youngest sister married a Frenchman she met when on holiday in Belgium. I now have close relatives in Holland, Italy, Denmark, Germany, France and the United States. But I can speak no foreign languages except a little Dutch.—MRS. S. T. ANDERSON, Essex.

Night Terror

I WAS strolling in the garden at ten o'clock one evening recently when I looked up at the back of the house. I got a terrible shock. My son, who is nine, was sitting on the ledge outside his window. I did not dare to shout. After about five minutes, he got up and swung on the window, which opened outwards. Then, casually, he clambered inside. When I got to his room, he was sleeping peacefully, and in the morning he said that he had no recollection of what he had done. It seems that sleepwalkers come to no harm in their escapades. But I've had bars fixed across the windows of my son's room.—C. W. KERNOT, Porters Hall, Lingfield, Surrey.

Sleepwalkers rarely come to harm, says a doctor, but there is always a risk of trouble, and it is wise to take precautions.

Egg Trick

OUR fowls looked as if they were laying, but the eggs were not very plentiful. We suspected that someone was stealing them, so we put a lock on the door of the chicken house. Still the eggs were short. Then, one day, I looked out of the window and saw the egg-stealer. It was my daughter. She was strolling along sucking a raw egg from the shell. As she is only two, she had found no difficulty in entering the chicken house through the hole used by the birds.—MRS. E. HAWKINS, Corsham, Wiltshire.

Round Trip

WHILE staying in Scotland recently, I gave some lessons in fly-fishing to the manageress of the hotel. One day, after she had become quite competent, she watched me strike a trout which had taken my fly. I must have struck too hard, because my gut-cast broke. The next evening the woman called out to me when I came in. "I've got a surprise for you," she said. "Your fly." She had been up to the loch that afternoon and caught the very trout I had lost. My fly was hooked to its jaw. — JOHN REDWAY, Oxford.

Path Ahead

I HAVE been very interested in "Reach For The Sky" (Paul Brickhill's life story of Douglas Bader), as Bader has been a great inspiration to me. In 1949, at the age of seventy-six, I went through an ordeal similar to his. I was in hospital for eight months, and had both legs off above the knee. Several doctors told me that they did not think I would ever walk again, but I thought: if Douglas Bader can walk, so can I. I was taken to the hospital at Roehampton (JOHN BULL, April 3) and in two months I was fitted with short stumps and learned to walk in the walking school there. Now, at eighty-one, I am walking round the house and garden. My advice to anyone similarly afflicted is: "Don't despair. Get taken to Roehampton. The doctors and staff are most helpful. If there is any walk in you, you will walk."—JAMES JENNER, Winlaton Road, Bromley, Kent.

. . . I wonder if Douglas Bader remembers "Bootons" (Buttons) at Temple Grove, Eastbourne, during 1917? I was page boy at the school at the time. Perhaps I served young Bader with one of those extra dinners which the boys were always clamouring for, and which I was able to slip to them now and again. I was in the R.A.F. at Kenley in 1930 when Bader was there, and if he did any night flying, he may have flown into the "T" flarepath which we airmen had to prepare. I finished my service with the R.A.F. on December 14, 1931, the day Bader had his crash.—A. J. N., Stirling, Scotland.

This week's instalment of "Reach For The Sky" begins on page 13.

A LADY CALLED LIZZIE

A warm, human story by DUDLEY HOYS

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

Home Builder

LAST summer we were staying in a timber-built bungalow, and as the nights were warm we used to leave all the doors open when we went to bed. Then I started to miss small articles of clothing, dusters, and floor-cloths. I blamed the dog until, one morning, I was awakened at daybreak by a scrabbling sound, and saw a hedgehog standing on its hind-legs with its paws on the bedside table, trying to pull off the cloth. I shouted, and it ran away. It came back about a month later with a baby hedgehog. I assumed that it had been taking things from us to make a nest.—M. WINIFRED THOMAS, Swansea.

Girl In Front

A SUGGESTION that parents should spend ten to fifteen minutes each evening helping their children to prepare pages to read to the teacher the next day ("Free Speech," March 27) might surprise people in England, but it certainly would not surprise Scots. When my daughter started school at the age of five, in Scotland, she had homework to do each evening. Eighteen months later, when we moved to Middlesex, her new headmistress told us that academically she was nine months ahead of children of her own age.—G. STINTON, Sussex Road, Ickenham, Middlesex.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

What's going on here?

SNOWCEM WATERPROOF CEMENT PAINT
– decorates and protects at low cost

Snowcem provides a tough weatherproof surface. It will not flake, peel or rub off when applied according to instructions.

Snowcem is the inexpensive answer for decoration and protection. Available in seven colours, white, cream, deep cream, buff, pink, silver-grey and pale green.

Send for our free instructional leaflet which tells you all about
PREPARATION OF SUITABLE SURFACES,
APPLICATION,
COVERING CAPACITY
and includes a shade card.

★ ***BRITISH CEMENT is the CHEAPEST in the WORLD***

A BLUE CIRCLE CMC PRODUCT

THE CEMENT MARKETING COMPANY LTD., Portland House, Tothill St., London, S.W.1
or G. & T. EARLE LTD., WILMINGTON, HULL
THE SOUTH WALES PORTLAND CEMENT & LIME CO., LTD., Penarth, Glam

H1454A

Next Time I'll Bring My Knitting!
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO LEFT-ALONE IN MY LIFE! HAVE I GOT TWO LEFT FEET-OR WHAT?
NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR FOOTWORK... BUT YOU DO NEED SOME COACHING FROM YOUR DENTIST ON-ON BAD BREATH, PEGGY!
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA! AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY, BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH DIRECTLY AFTER EATING
I'VE BEEN LIVING IN A WHIRL SINCE I BECAME A COLGATE GIRL!

Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Up To 85% Of Odour-And Decay-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!

10½d. 1/7. 2/5 and 3/4

GIVES YOU A SWEETER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

Every dog wants WINALOT every day*

*Every day because Winalot contains:—
CARBOHYDRATES for energy,
PROTEIN for repair of tissues,
MINERALS for bone and teeth, and VITAMINS essential for all round fitness.

See *your* dog gets a daily meal of appetising Winalot—
it is wonderfully nourishing and so easily digested.
Dogs just love it!

Tails wag-a-lot for

SPILLERS WINALOT

Available in sealed packets and cartons

For his other meal of the day give him **SPILLERS SHAPES**

Readicut

RUBBER-BACKED

NEEDLELOOM CARPETING

- A superior quality with extra-deep pile
- Easy to lay or fit—you can do it!
- Damp resisting

WIDTH	PRICES STANDARD per yd.	SUPER per yd.
27"	14/-	17/3
36"	18/8	23/-
54"	28/-	34/6
108"	59/-	72/6

SEAMLESS SQUARES e.g. 3 x 2 yds.

Standard	£5.18.0
Super	£7.5.0

CARRIAGE FREE

A NEW luxury quality for any room

This Readicut carpeting is made by an entirely new method. It is moth-proof, needs no sewing, cannot fray, is quickly laid and easily cut with scissors. At little cost you can afford the cosy warmth of Readicut carpeting. Write now for samples of 12 lovely shades.

EASY PAYMENTS 6 MONTHS TO PAY

SAMPLES! Send 1/- (refundable) for samples, colour range and illustrated leaflet giving full details, to Dept. C19, READICUT WOOL CO. LTD., OSSETT, YORKS.

NOW, CASH BONUSES for ALL!

To meet a widespread demand, the **ROYAL LONDON Guaranteed Cash Bonus Policies,** which are proving so popular among adults, have now been made available to children also.

Here is the wise parent's opportunity to encourage regular saving at an early age and to provide a substantial sum for a child later on **in addition** to a very useful amount in **CASH** every ten years throughout duration of the policy. Think what this could mean to your child.

Only a small saving is necessary (approximately 2/- per week). You will be wise to send the completed coupon for precise details.

FOUNDED 1861 **ASSETS EXCEED £100,000,000**

Royal London **Mutual Insurance Society Ltd.**
ROYAL LONDON HOUSE
FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2

please let me have full details of your Cash Bonus Policies.

NAME..... *Age of Child*.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

1½d. stamp if posted in unsealed envelope. A.13.

THE RETURN OF RAFFLES

by ***BARRY PEROWNE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Fiction's world-famous hero—the original gentleman crook—in a sparkling new series of adventures

IN THE COCKNEY PHRASE, it was "Queen's weather." From a cloudless blue sky, the sun blazed down on the multi-windowed pile of Buckingham Palace. The Royal Standard shimmered red and gold in visible heat currents. Her Majesty Queen Victoria was in residence, receiving distinguished guests to the midsummer military manoeuvres due to begin on the morrow.

From the balcony of my club near Carlton House Terrace, I looked down on the trees, vividly green, which lined the broad, straight Mall. Holding back a multitude of spectators, twin ranks of the Brigade of Guards were rigid in scarlet coats and towering bearskins, their bayonets torrid points of dazzle.

Fanfares, cannonading and roars of welcome greeted the appearance of Europe's kings and princes in a martial setting of square-jawed chiefs-of-staffs and debonair aides-de-camp, with sovereigns' escorts clattering in advance and in rear.

Polished hoofs drummed an intricate tattoo on wood blocks and melting asphalt as I looked down on the successive groups passing in a splendour of plume-tossing helmets and gold-gleaming spurs, of jewel-flashing orders and gemmed sword-hilts.

"Kings' ransoms," I told myself enviously, over and over—and I fingered the five miserable coppers in the pockets of my Savile Row trousers and wondered where on earth Raffles was.

Intuition told me that he must be somewhere among the crowd, taking note of the plunder. Impossible to believe that he would not seek to improve this shining hour! Anxiously, I searched the crowd below in the Mall for some glimpse of him.

The crowd was Victorian England in its Sunday best. Overheated small boys in naval suits and straw sailor hats sucked sticks of rock; ladies in bustled dimity and sprigged muslin twirled their sunshades with a refined langour; flushed gentlemen lifted silk hats to mop brows glistening with perspiration and pomade. With Europe currently in a period of tension, one and all were eager to catch a glimpse of the monarch who disquieted a continent.

When, at last, he approached, it was to a scatter of cheers grown meagre and dubious. That he was aware of this diminished delight, and scorned it, I had no doubt as I watched him pass in the midst of his sovereign's escort. His face was a grey, harsh mask of hauteur; his jet moustache

---

The figure before me was tall, elegant, faultlessly dressed. Raffles! At once, my spirits soared. And then I saw the dog

The double life of A. J. RAFFLES

Barry Perowne

THE RETURN OF RAFFLES, by Barry Perowne, is the first of a sparkling new series of adventures in the gay life of a fabulous character. A. J. Raffles, cricketer, gentleman and cavalier crook, has delighted millions all over the world, and his fame has lasted half a century.

There have been two distinct phases in his phenomenal career. The first, as the dashing Victorian adventurer in crime, began in 1899 when he was created by E. W. Hornung, and lasted until Hornung's death in 1921.

The second phase came ten years later when a new Raffles appeared—a Raffles of the thirties, in modern dress and a modern setting. Again, he made a hit, and later David Niven portrayed him in films.

But Barry Perowne, the acknowledged Raffles expert who launched the new hero, still had a cherished ambition: to re-create the original Raffles.

Now, with this new series of stories—specially written for JOHN BULL with the full approval of Hornung's executors—he has achieved that ambition. With brilliant success, he has recaptured the spirit of the original Raffles and brought to life again the gay, glittering world of Victorian London.

was twisted up to points under his eyes; his spiked helmet flashed in the sun; one arm was thrust into the breast of his tunic. A falling hush accompanied his progress up the Mall towards the Palace.

His passing was the climax of the morning, the signal for a flow of movement in the Mall. And from the crowded balcony of my club here, a drift set in through the french windows to the dining-room for luncheon.

Fingering my wretched coppers, I stayed where I was. To seat myself in the dining-room would be only to invite a whispered excommunication from the old head waiter. My credit was blown upon. A crust of bread and cup of weak coffee full of grounds had comprised my breakfast; and I had been seeking Raffles all morning without success.

I wanted to apologize for the lofty platitudes I had flung at him a few months before, when one of his burglarious exploits had brought us so close to disaster, that, not for the first time, I had severed our felonious relationship. My pockets full of my share of the loot, I had had the hypocrisy to reproach Raffles for his way of life. And when he only chuckled, I had flung out of the Albany, where he had his chambers, vowing to high heaven that I would earn an honest living by my pen.

I blushed for myself, now. My pen had proved a broken reed. I had been obliged to move from my pleasant flat in Mount Street to a hideous garret near Tattersall's. On the one or two occasions when I had seen Raffles since our rupture, he had been his usual friendly self; but he had made no suggestion that I rejoin him, and I had lacked the effrontery to propose it myself.

BUT today I was at the end of my tether. I was down to my last fivepence. There was no one but Raffles to whom I could turn. And I could not find him. I had been to the Albany, I had looked in at Lord's—without success.

I was at my wits' end. Savoury aromas and convivial cork-poppings tantalized me from the club dining-room. It was more than I could endure. I clapped on my silk hat, quit the club, and strode again up St. James's Street to Piccadilly—and the Albany. By now, surely, I told myself, Raffles must have returned.

The porter shook his head. "Sorry, Mr. Manders—haven't seen Mr. Raffles all day."

What was he doing?

Evening came. Eight o'clock. Nine o'clock. The globes of the gaslamps shone white through the purple dusk after the day's heat. I still had not found him. I was down to my last penny. The West End was crowded, *en fête* for a night of kings; but sheer physical weakness compelled me, at last, to turn my footsteps towards my garret overlooking Tattersall's, scene of many a famous horse auction.

I abominated that garret. It reeked of the stables. My sleep in it was made a mockery by the clinking of restless hoofs in the stalls below, by sudden kicks and midnight munchings.

Reluctantly, now, I walked past the stone-arched doors of Tattersall's, and turned into the street where I had this garret. On the near corner was a baker's small shop, still open. On the opposite corner was a pub, jammed with soldiers in red coats, pipeclayed belts and pill-box hats, roaring a chorus over their pots.

I PAUSED, fingering my penny, to peer into the baker's window. Here a broken gas-mantle, bluely roaring amid festoons of flypaper, lit a display of halfpenny rolls and Sally Lunns. I knew I ought to save my penny to put in my gas-meter. But I was tempted by the baker's. And as I stood there irresolute, a hand fell on my shoulder.

My heart gave a sick heave and sank to my boots. I awaited the long-dreaded formula, "I have to warn you, Manders, that anything you may say——" But this convention of doom remained unuttered. Instead, a voice said cheerfully:

"All alone, Bunny?"

I spun round. Tall, faultlessly frockcoated, a pearl in his cravat, his tanned face cleancut, his eyes grey and keen, A. J. Raffles stood smiling at me. My spirits soared. The very silk hat he wore thrilled me with a memory of the unforgettable occasion when he walked blandly out of the British Museum with, balanced on his head under that same topper, a priceless gold cup from the Etrurian Collection.

"This is a warm welcome, Bunny," he said now, smilingly, as I wrung his hand.

"I've been hunting for you all day," I explained.

"Really?" He gave me a shrewd glance, but asked no question. Instead, he nodded at a dog which he was leading by means of a white handkerchief knotted to its collar. "Recognize him, Bunny?"

The dog, an elderly black spaniel, panted up a sedate welcome at me.

"Surely," I said, "it's old J. Benjamin's dog?"

"Just so," said Raffles, "his dog Captain. I had a fancy for a chat with old Benjamin, J. this evening, so I looked in at Florian's for a welsh rarebit and a tankard. They told me Mr. Benjamin had been in earlier, and gone. As I was leaving, I found Captain here whining round the door, evidently on the stray. I thought I'd better take him in tow before some demon hansom bowled him over. At Florian's they didn't know Mr. Benjamin's address, but I thought you might know. You're a particular friend of his——"

This was quite true. I was. But at his first mention of J. Benjamin, there had flashed into my mind a vivid vignette from the day's magnificence—an emperor with a grey face set in a rigour of arrogance, an arm thrust into his tunic, his jet moustache twisted up to his eyes, and two ramrod generals with spiked helmets for his grim, inseparable shadows.

I looked at Raffles with a sudden, excited surmise. For between the emperor in the Mall, and Florian's Chop House round the corner, there was a link, and a strange one.

* * *

Florian's Chop House, opposite Knightsbridge Barracks, was a dim little panelled place with leather-padded settles, sporting prints from *Pickwick* and *Jorrocks*, and a pewter-laden sideboard. Since my decline and fall from Mount

At the door, the flunkey hesitated. "You are

Street, I had been a frequent diner at Florian's for its economy and its convenience to my garret.

Another regular at Florian's was a neat little man with a leathery, snub, wrinkled face, a severe upper lip, grey muttonchop whiskers, and very blue eyes under bristly hair brushed straight down in a bang across his forehead. He wore always a square, brown, hard hat, a suit of covert cloth cut tight in the leg, and a heavy watch-chain embellished with small silver whips.

He always came into Florian's in company with a sedate black spaniel—the very spaniel Raffles was now leading.

THE old man and the oldish dog were a self-sufficient couple. Watching them in their booth at Florian's, I had felt a special liking for them. The spaniel, with flopping ears, would look up unwinkingly as his master divided their joint dinner into two exact parts, to hand down the dog's share on a special plate. When the dog had licked the plate clean, groomed his chops with a connoisseur's tongue, and reflected upon the repast with the detached air of a bewigged judge savouring a tit-bit of evidence, he always arose and gave the old man a prod of thanks by way of grace after eating.

I had not spoken to the old man until one night when, the place chancing to be full, Raffles and I had shared a booth with him and his dog.

Perhaps because he was lonely, the old

sure you wouldn't care to let me have your names, sir?" he said. "Quite sure," Raffles said tersely. "Kindly inform Colonel Saxe of our business"

man had been talkative. He had introduced himself to us as Mr. Benjamin.

"Benjamin, J.," he had said. "I've got a young brother—Benjamin, T."

The difference in age, it had transpired, between him and his "young" brother was barely a year. And they were as like as "two peas in a pod." This happy chance had gained them employment in the stables of a sporting Duke, who, proud of his "spanking turnouts," liked the touch of uniformity provided by the brothers Benjamin on the Jehu's box, in their white whipcord breeches, green livery coats, white stocks, and grey top hats with yellow cockades.

They had remained in the ducal service until their muttonchop whiskers had grown as grey as their hats, when a turf miscalculation at Ascot and a baccarat catastrophe at Homburg had constrained the Duke to curtail his stables. Much of his bloodstock, auctioned at Tattersall's, had been bought *en bloc*.

"By order," said Benjamin, J., with a discreet cough as he fingered his watch-chain, "of a reigning monarch."

The two brothers had accompanied the horses abroad on their journey to the imperial stables, where the two diminutive, dignified men had made such a favourable impression that it had been intimated to the Duke that it would be convenient if he released them to the imperial service.

Settling down in the magnificence of the foreign capital, the brothers had lodged together near the palace stables; and, as seems often to happen by a kind of fate to small men with muttonchop whiskers and severe upper lips, both had conceived a passion for a bosomy blonde widow—their landlady.

"We fell out," Mr. Benjamin told us, stroking his dog's head laid in sympathy on his knee, "over Emmy."

FOR a year and more they had been at daggers drawn—until suddenly the capricious widow had bundled them both out of the house and married an interloping farrier-sergeant.

"You'd 'ave thought this would 'ave 'ealed the breach," said Mr. Benjamin, "but not a bit of it. No, gentlemen. We blamed it on each other, and it rankled."

Matters had come to a head in a strange way. Late one snowy night, an order had been given for a closed landau to report to a side door of the palace to take a passenger to the station to catch the St. Petersburg express. Benjamin, J., being on duty, had reported with the landau accordingly. Two men—one a civilian in a heavy black overcoat and black felt hat, wearing pince-nez and carrying a dispatch-case, the other a squat, thick-set officer in spiked helmet and military cloak, known to Mr. Benjamin as Colonel Saxe—had emerged quickly from the side door of the palace. Colonel Saxe had told the coachman to wait a minute, there was a third person to come; and both men had ducked into the landau.

"The night was still," said Mr. Benjamin. "Just the flakes comin' down thick, an' sizzlin' on the 'ot brass of the coachlamps, an' the 'osses givin' a thump an' a jingle now an' then. The gentlemen seemed excited an' pleased with theirselves. They was talkin' away inside the landau while we waited. I'd been takin' lessons in the language from Emmy for a year, nigh on, to inwaygle myself. I could 'ear every word the gentlemen said, an' I could understand about 'alf of it."

What he had heard and understood had made Mr. Benjamin's stock feel tight about his throat, and his heart thump sultry.

"You see, sirs," said Mr. Benjamin, "I'm an Englishman born and bred, an' what I 'eard didn't bode no good to them at 'ome, to my way of thinkin', and I felt it ought to be knowed of in London."

So when he had returned from the station and put up his horses, he had walked off through the night and the snow to the British Embassy.

"They listens to my story," said Mr. Benjamin, "then they sez, 'You're goin' to London, Mr. Benjamin, an' you're goin' quick and secret.' So I sez, 'What about Benjamin, T.?' There was no love lost between us, sirs, not since Emmy. Still, I didn't *'ate* 'im, not the way 'e 'ated me. An' when it got out where the leak came from, I didn't relish the thought

I held up the match. In the flickering light the jewelled orders glittered. Raffles bent down, his hands moving swiftly and expertly

of their takin' it out on 'im—bein' my brother, all said and done. But the Embassy gent sez, 'Don't worry about 'im,' he sez. 'We'll give 'im the tip. 'E won't be to London far be'ind you.' But I been back two years now, come Hallowe'en, an' ain't never 'eard a word from 'im from that day to this."

"No?" Raffles had exclaimed. "What happened?"

"All I know," said Mr. Benjamin, "when I got back an' told my story to various official gentlemen, they was uncommon put out by it, but they sez, 'You done right an' proper, Mr. Benjamin, an' we'll put a spoke in 'Is Imperial Majesty's wheel 'ere an' now,' they sez. An' I reckon they done it, they was that vexed. What's more, they must've mentioned your 'umble to the Queen 'erself, for the next I know—God bless 'er—I'm awarded a pension an' a lifelong tenancy of one of the Queen's Grace and Favour 'ouses."

"And you've never heard from your brother at all?" Raffles had asked.

THE old man shook his head. "No, sir. I was told the Embassy done like they promised and warned 'im an' offered to get 'im 'ome. But 'e said 'e wouldn't stoop to soil 'is 'ands with any doings of mine. 'E was like that, sir—after Emmy. I've often wondered whatever become of the headstrong feller. 'Is Imperial Majesty was never one to take an injury without *somebody* payin' for it."

I thought of that grey, rigid face of hauteur which I had seen today in the Mall—and I looked searchingly, now, at Raffles, in the dim gaslight from the baker's window.

"Yes," I said, "Mr. Benjamin is a particular friend of mine. I've often talked to him at Florian's, since he told us about himself."

"Has he ever mentioned Colonel Saxe again?"

"Colonel Saxe?" I said. "No. Why?"

"I just wondered," Raffles said. He looked at me. "You know Mr. Benjamin's address?"

"Certainly. It's a stone's throw from here," I said. "But, Raffles—what made you come looking for him tonight, particularly?"

"Just a fancy," he said. "I've been in the Mall today——"

I snapped my fingers. "I knew it!"

"Some pretty baubles, Bunny," he said, chuckling.

"Particularly," I said, "when His Imperial Majesty rode past, scorning everybody and everything! Eh, Raffles? That's what made you think of Mr. Benjamin?"

"I had a fancy," said Raffles, "to hear him ramble and reminisce about his palace experiences. One never knows when one might pick up a hint."

I drew in my breath. "Raffles," I whispered, "whatever you're planning, I'm with you!"

He threw an arm delightedly about my shoulders. "Had enough of the sheepfold, Bunny? Good man! Welcome home to the wolf run! Not," he added, "that I'm—planning anything. Just sniffing the air, eh? These purple midsummer nights, Bunny, with a hint of thunder in them—they make one tingle. A night of kings and diamonds!"

A thrill fled up my spine. "Let's take the dog to Mr. Benjamin," I said. "The old man's probably missed him. He'll be so relieved to get him back that he'll be ready to talk about anything. Come on!"

WE passed up a dark alley and came out opposite Knightsbridge Barracks, where, in rooms yellow-lit behind rows of barred windows, red coats moved with glint of steel and gleam of brass, preparing to mount guard over the crowned heads of Europe. Nearby, on the side of the street on which we stood, was the dim little entrance of Florian's Chop House. Farther down, to the right and on the opposite side, a bracket-lamp burned on the red-brick arch above the entrance to a courtyard.

"That's Park Yard," I told Raffles. "Benjamin, J. lives in Number Four."

Crossing the street, we passed under the arch with the bracket-lamp into a small, cobbled courtyard enclosed by six narrow little three-storey houses.

I mounted the steps of Number Four, with Raffles behind me leading the dog, and beat a tattoo with the iron knocker. In a moment the door opened. Mr. Benjamin's short, stocky figure, in shirt-sleeves, his watch-chain draped across his checked waistcoat, appeared against the dim light within. He peered at us under his bang, his jaws moving on a mouthful.

"Good evening, Mr. Benjamin," I said cordially. "I'm afraid we've taken you away from your supper, but——"

Suddenly Raffles's hand was on my arm, gripping hard, checking me.

"We were passing, Mr. Benjamin," he said, "and it struck us you might care to come out and see the sights. A big night in the West End! But perhaps," he added doubtfully, "it's a bit late for you—past your bedtime?"

"Sirs," said Mr. Benjamin, making valiant efforts to gulp his mouthful—"much appreciate. Unexpected—take it kindly. A bit late per'aps, though—as you say."

"Never mind," said Raffles cheerily. "Some other time. Just a passing thought. Good night, Mr. Benjamin."

"Good night to 'ee, gentlemen." Mr. Benjamin knuckled his bang. "An' thank'ee. Honoured, I'm sure——"

Raffles's iron grip on my arm drew me down the steps. I heard the door closed and bolted behind us. I was totally bewildered by the transaction. "But the dog, Raffles," I protested. "What——"

"Just so," said Raffles, "the dog. Didn't you notice?"

"Notice what?"

"That the dog didn't know his master," said Raffles, "and the master didn't know his dog!"

I would have stopped dead, but his arm, now linked in mine, hurried me on out under the arch.

"And look at this," he said. "I found it lying on the steps of Number Four."

As we crossed the street towards Florian's, his arm still linked in mine, he opened his hand. I saw on the palm a section of silver watch-chain embellished with miniature coach-whips. It conveyed no meaning to my mind, debilitated as it was by the effects of my prolonged fast.

"But Mr. Benjamin's chain wasn't broken," I said blankly. "He was wearing it. He's never without it. He told me the Duke gave them both a half-hunter and chain when——" I stopped suddenly.

"Exactly," said Raffles, with a kind of icy vivacity. "The old fox, eh? Coming to the door with his mouth full, to disguise any slight possible discrepancy of intonation—oh, pretty!"

I was thunderstruck.

"You mean—that wasn't Mr. Benjamin?" I stammered.

"It was Mr. Benjamin, all right," said Raffles. "Mr. Benjamin, *T.*" His tone was suddenly grim. "I'm afraid *our* Mr. Benjamin is now in alien hands—at the disposal of a monarch who never forgives an injury!"

He pushed open the door of Florian's.

At once, there was wafted to my nostrils the aroma of Florian's pies, those succulent concoctions of hare, beefsteak, kidneys and mushrooms, swimming in a rich burgundy sauce and topped with a crisp, golden crust.

My knees wavered, and I knew that, before I could bring my mind to bear on the situation which confronted us, I must dine; and I said as much.

Raffles looked at me with concern. "My dear old chap, of course you must dine! I had no idea—here, let's take this booth. Richmond!" He beckoned the old waiter, who, a napkin over his arm, hobbled up with such alacrity that his stiff dickey burst from his waistcoat. "The menu, Richmond, and the wine list."

"Yes, sir," said Richmond. "Still got Mr. Benjamin's dog, I see."

"Yes, we're looking after him," said Raffles. "Can you find him a bone or something, Richmond? He's a patient old dog."

"That he is," said Richmond, one side of his collar detonating from his stud as he stooped wheezingly to pat the dog. "I like to see them together—Mr. Benjamin and Captain. It does your heart good."

I MET Raffles's grey, keen eyes across the table. He took out his cigarette-case and selected a Sullivan. While I dined, he leaned back in the settle, sending meditative smoke-rings adrift at the gas-globe on the panelled wall.

"You know, Bunny," he said, at last, "I've always made it my business to keep informed as to who's who at the various Embassies. About eighteen months ago, one Colonel Saxe appeared in London, as an officer on the staff of the military attaché at the Embassy of His Imperial Majesty. In actual fact, Colonel Saxe's real function is clandestine intelligence. When I heard Mr. Benjamin mention him as having once worked at the Palace, at the fountain-head, it occurred to me to wonder whether the colonel's banishment to an Embassy might not be due to the leak through Mr. Benjamin. One of his Imperial Majesty's moves on the European chessboard was spoiled by that leak, and he'd want someone's head on a charger for it. I fancy the colonel maybe paid the price, in the form of demotion—and the colonel's no man to forgive an injury, either!"

He relapsed into thought. Richmond brought the ripe, napkin-wrapped Stilton. He set it down with a slight snapping sound as he shed a rear trouser-button. Raffles crushed out his

Continued on page 28

REACH FOR THE SKY (5) Paul Brickhill's inspiring story of the legless air ace and the girl who has shared his life

Douglas Bader gets married – in secret

THELMA HAD NO DOUBTS about sharing her future with a legless man, but Douglas Bader's proposal of marriage had been typically sudden. There were several difficulties, as they both could see. Over an economical dinner of eggs and bacon at their favourite table in the Ace of Spades, they discussed the problems.

The marriage, they agreed, would have to be kept a secret from Thelma's parents—at least, for a while. They would also have to live apart; on his present income Bader could not support a wife in a manner he felt was fitting. But, as he pointed out, their attitude towards each other wasn't likely to change; if they got married, at least they would have some object in life. It was a telling point, and it appealed to Thelma immediately.

Life had dealt Douglas Bader a severe blow when he lost both his legs in an air crash in 1931. But he had risen above his disability magnificently. On two artificial legs he had taught himself to walk. And to fly again—only to learn that the Air Ministry could not permit a legless man to remain as a pilot in the R.A.F. It had not been easy to give up the service and the brilliant career it had once held for him—nor, in the depression of 1933, was it easy for a legless man to find a new position in life. But, as he argued, they wouldn't starve. There was his pension from the R.A.F., his salary from the job he had recently got in the office of a petroleum company—and the prospects of a rise at Christmas.

The more they discussed the marriage, the better Thelma liked the idea. Finally, there was only one question left to be solved—when?

In his impulsive way, Bader said: "Next Saturday. Sooner the better. I'll hop in and get a licence."

Arranging The Honeymoon

At Hampstead Registrar Office he said to the clerk without preamble: "I want to get married next Saturday."

The clerk said yes, that would be all right. He could do it with a special licence for twenty-five guineas. "Good grief," Bader said. "I haven't got twenty-five shillings."

Then, said the clerk, he would have to wait three weeks and it would cost only 30s. Bader found he actually had just over £2 and settled for that. With a new idea he went back to the office, and with hardly any wheedling and without telling them he was getting married, got a fortnight's holiday to start in three weeks. Back at Thelma's parents' flat in Avonmore Mansions that evening, when the others were out of the room, he whispered to Thelma: "Zero hour, October the fifth."

"Oh, lord," Thelma said, after a pause, "I haven't got any clothes."

He told her about the honeymoon.

"Oh, my gosh," she said, "what am I going to tell my parents, going away with you?"

That was another problem. The solution was quite fortuitous. They happened to meet Thelma's uncle just back from a holiday at Porthleven in Cornwall, where he had stayed at a most respectable guest-house.

"I've got some leave coming up," Bader said

"Golf could be a game I might play on level terms with anyone," said Bader in 1934. The progress of the legless golfer—he has played eighteen holes in seventy-seven—is an amazing story of endeavour. In one memorable game, he challenged the man who said he would never walk without a stick—and won

Golfer Henry Longhurst. He once advised Bader to shorten one of his metal legs to improve his stance. Bader cut the right by a half-inch. "Good Lord," said Longhurst later, "you've cut the wrong leg!"

October 1937: Douglas and Thelma pose outside St. Mary Abbots in Kensington, after their second wedding. Relatives and friends did not know they had married four years before—a secret that was closely kept until the present day

artlessly. "D'you think I would like it there?"

"You'd love it," Uncle said. "So would Thelma. Why don't you both go down for a while?" With that recommendation it was easy.

On Wednesday, October 4, Douglas got the next day off from the office for "urgent private business." At 10.30 on the Thursday morning Thelma's mother, Mrs. Addison, went out shopping, and Thelma rang Douglas and got into her new dress. By eleven, Douglas had arrived and they were off to Hampstead.

In a drab, lino-floored office a strange man read from a book and at last looked up and said in almost the same monotone: "Well, congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Bader." Obviously, something had to be done about the witness, who was a bored-looking clerk dragged in for the occasion from a next-door office. It was almost the last straw for Douglas, who had had to calculate his honeymoon budget to the last penny.

The First Taste Of Champagne

Driving off in Bader's M.G., both were shaken by the unemotional nature of the ceremony, and neither felt really married, though neither said so. Douglas merely observed after a quiet spell: "We'll have that done again in a church next time," and Thelma agreed feelingly.

They lunched at a hotel on the Eastbourne road and Douglas ordered a bottle of champagne. It was the first time he had really had a drink in his life, and, as the glow spread through them, they began at last to feel happily married. He drove her back to London, dropped her at Avonmore Mansions, and she took the wedding ring off and put it in her purse before she went home. A few hours later he called at the flat for dinner as though he had just come from the office.

That night they announced their engagement to the family, promising, slightly tongue-in-cheek and with bare technical truth, that they would not be arranging a wedding for some time until he could support her comfortably. Everyone seemed quite happy about that; in fact, Thelma's mother was becoming so accustomed to Douglas that she no longer noticed that he had no legs. After he had gone to his lodging at Boundary Road that night, she brought out an old diamond ring and gave it to Thelma, saying: "Look, darling, I don't suppose Douglas has many pennies to buy a ring, but this old one of Granny's has some nice diamonds and he could probably get them re-set."

It Rained But They Were Happy

On the Saturday morning *The Times* announced the engagement and the happy couple drove off towards Porthleven for their honeymoon. It rained all the way down and nearly all the fortnight they spent in the grey, Cornish stone house, where the upright and unsuspecting landlord woke each in their separate rooms at eight o'clock every morning with a cup of tea. With each other and a sense of humour they enjoyed it, driving off with a picnic lunch every day round the sodden countryside, and it was even vastly funny when the seagulls choked on pieces of the landlady's adamantine rock cakes and bashed the pieces with their beaks against even harder rocks to break them up into swallowable size.

On the last Sunday they drove back to London to start married life. He left Thelma at Avonmore Mansions and went back to Boundary Road. Thereafter he saw her nearly every evening, either having dinner at Avonmore Mansions or taking her out to the Ace of Spades.

On Christmas Eve the manager of his office said to Douglas: "We're very satisfied with your work, Bader, and I'm happy to tell you that we are raising your salary by £50 a year."

It helped in paying the car bills—the M.G. was not a luxury but a necessity for Bader's getting about—but as winter dragged on he began to feel bogged down in a morass, increasingly frustrated by the dull and undemanding job and the virtual and indefinite separation from Thelma. The job offered no challenge and, as he was barred from going overseas, offered few prospects. There was not even a game he could turn to for relief. His legs still troubled him: he could never walk far without weariness and chafing, though he never complained about them, even when he fell, which was not often now.

Thelma was the one bright spot.. She was soothing and undemanding, knowing instinctively how to cope with his moods, which were a form of rebellion against circumstances. Often the moods led him into extravagance to relieve the drabness and also to maintain the standards he was bent upon. Maintaining those was like hanging on to a lifebelt in the morass. It was hard to save. Sometimes he spent as much as £4 in a weekend, yet any resistance at those times would have driven him to further excesses. She never nagged him but always waited quietly till his own conscience stirred, and then she unobtrusively steered him in the right direction and encouraged him to relax and carry on. He could hardly have married a more suitable girl. She was utterly unselfish.

What The Fortune-teller Said

One day she lured him into going to a fortune-teller, getting him, after his first grumbles, to treat it as a joke. He went into a dark and dingy room and shortly a wrinkled old woman shuffled in, took his palm and surprised him by saying that he was destined to have trouble with his feet and legs. She added: "There is a period of difficulty in front of you, but you will be a great deal happier in due course. You will become famous and be decorated by your King." Then she made him sign her book which she kept for people who were going to be famous. In it she showed him the name of David Beatty, who had signed as a sub-lieutenant in 1904 and laughed when she told him he was going to be a famous admiral. Despite himself, Bader was a little intrigued because he knew she had not seen him limp in. Then he forgot all about it.

About that time Bader's brother, 'Derick was killed in an accident in South Africa. The Bader family seemed to be out of luck.

On a spring Saturday at Hartley Wintney, Bader's friends Adrian Stoop and Tinny Dean, a Harlequins and England scrum-half, were going to play golf at a local nine-hole course and suggested that Douglas and Thelma go to see them hit off. After they drove off Douglas said he would potter about the fairway until they returned, so Stoop handed him a seven iron and a ball and suggested he potter about with them.

When Stoop and Dean had gone on he dropped the ball on the grass and took a swing at it, but the club missed the ball by inches and he overbalanced and fell flat on his back. He got up and tried again and the same thing happened. The same thing happened the third time and the fourth time. He tried changing his stance and his swing, and the same thing happened. Luckily the turf was soft and painless. He got a stubborn feeling that he *must* hit the ball and keep his balance before he gave it up.

He Tried, Tried And Tried Again

Again and again he fell until, about the twelfth attempt, the club hit the ball with a sweet click and, lying on his back a moment later, he could still see it in parabolic flight. Something about that click was very satisfying. He tried again, missed and fell over. He kept falling over and missing every time until, on about the twenty-fifth shot, he hit it for the second time (or rather, topped it) and fell over again. After he had fallen about forty times Thelma said persuasively: "Now come on, I think you've had enough."

Next day he tried the seven iron again on the Stoops' lawn, this time with Stoop coaching. Several times he hit the ball but still he kept

Douglas, Thelma and friends at the Berkshire Golf Club. Thelma has always encouraged her husband's interest in golf and used to act as his caddie

falling over. It was remarkable how precarious the balance was as soon as the swing of the shoulders and arms took his weight a fraction over the straddle of his feet. There was no instinct or agility to correct. He had fallen about twenty times again when he tried a shorter and slower swing, hit the ball and just kept his balance. As he looked up with a triumphant grin, Thelma said: "Good, now you'll be satisfied."

"Not on your life," he said, got the ball back and kept on trying. Shortly he hit it without falling again, and did it several times more after that.

The following weekend he tried again at the Stoops, until nine times out of ten he was hitting the ball and not falling. It had started off as a determination to do it once and now it was something more, part obsession to be able to do it every time and part pleasure from the feel and sound of the click when he hit it cleanly and saw it arc away. Stoop said to him: "You're getting the bug, Douglas. Be careful, there's no cure for it."

Next weekend he improved still more, his brain absorbing the instinctive reflexes needed to keep his balance and thus freeing him to concentrate on hitting the ball. A couple of weekends later Tinny Dean took him over to the golf course and handed him a three-wood on the first tee. Acutely aware of the concentrated eyes of the usual first-tee onlookers, he desperately wanted to hit the ball, stay on his feet and not let them know he had no legs. "Don't worry," Dean assured him. "Everyone misses on the first tee."

With taut concentration he braced his feet wide apart, took a slow swing and connected. Stumbling, he still kept his feet and saw the ball fly about a hundred yards, fading with a little slice.

"That was a hell of a good shot," said Dean.

"It was a hell of a fluke," muttered Bader, vastly satisfied.

He walked down the fairway with Dean, borrowed a couple of clubs and more or less hacked his way to the green, though he did not finish the hole. He hit off the next tee without any strange prying eyes, and then Dean went ahead to do his round, leaving him a couple of clubs to practise on the fairway. Later he returned to the clubhouse, his stumps chafed and aching, and his heart glowing with satisfaction.

Good Shots—And Dead Straight

All that week Bader found he was looking forward with longing to the weekend's golf practice. Dean took him to the North Hants course at Fleet and he struggled round the first two holes, falling over only once, then staying to practise on the third fairway. Already the muscles of the stumps were developing and he learned the trick of smearing zinc ointment on spots that were likely to chafe, then powdering and taping them. He was hitting drives consistently over a hundred yards, sending them farther and farther as he developed more instinctive balance and could put more effort into the swing.

The odd thing was that though he sometimes mishit, his good shots sailed dead straight, probably for the simple reason that where normal men tried to "press" with wild and sloppy swings, Bader *had* to keep perfect balance and control—or fall over. Where other men overbalancing could grab at the ground with toes, or steady themselves with ankle muscles or two knees, Bader had to keep his head still and down, without excessive body sway. It made his strokes look a little stiff, but they were clean-cut and even and had behind them the strength of shoulders, arms and wrists that had been strong before and had developed more since he had lost his legs.

He and Thelma went two or three more times to North Hants and it was like a window opening on a new world. They met a lot of people there, and now, as well as the joy of hitting a ball, there was the pleasure of a new social life with fellow addicts. After a month he got to the stage of doing three or four holes every Saturday and Sunday, feeling stronger and hitting the ball longer each new weekend. Now and then he did a hole in four or five, and one day, coming off the course with Thelma after practice, he said: "You know, this could be a game I might play on level terms with anyone."

The club secretary suggested he might become a member for a year at nominal rates to see how he got on, and he joined with delight. Thelma became an enthusiastic caddie and never stopped encouraging him. Already she could see he had a new and absorbing interest in life.

Towards the end of August he was playing six holes at a time. In early September he played nine holes for the first time. The legs did not ache or chafe so much now and he found himself less and less tired. His drives were reaching out nearly two hundred yards (though not always in the right direction), and he got some satisfaction from the astonishment and admiration of the first-tee spectators.

It was at the beginning of October—nearly the first wedding anniversary—that he played his

Continued on page 40

Packed with pleasure

Player's Please

NCC 855

Skipper Spriggs rules the steamboat revels

by PIERS CROSLAND

All through the summer, the pleasure-boat skippers sail into surprises—like the man who thought of suicide, and the baby who was born in the saloon

A RIVER STEAMER WAS TYING UP at a landing stage on a beautiful reach of the Thames above Marlow. It was a hot summer afternoon; there was a crowd waiting to board her. They surged forward, and in the jostle a young woman was pushed off her balance and fell into the water. The skipper of the steamer, realizing that she could not swim, dived in fully clothed and held her up until a line was thrown to them and they were hoisted out.

"Fishing people out of the Thames is almost a part of our routine," says Skipper Jack Spriggs, a spare, blue-eyed man in his fifties, who has been piloting steamers between Oxford and Kingston for more than twenty years.

One day last summer, he was taking a party of schoolchildren on the trip to Magna Charta Island and Windsor. At one point the steamer had to pass under a very low bridge. One of the boys, showing off to his friends, jumped up and swung by his hands from the projecting edge of the bridge. Forgetting that the steamer was moving forward, he held on too long and, when he let go, fell into the river instead of the boat. "Luckily he was a swimmer," says Spriggs. "He stayed afloat until we got back and pulled him out."

People who fall in are only one of a skipper's troubles. Some of the parties which hire boats for outings require firm handling. Spriggs remembers a party of thirty American soldiers under a sergeant who hired a boat from Maidenhead to celebrate the Fourth of July, America's Independence Day. They brought ample supplies of canned beer aboard; within an hour a fight had broken out in the saloon.

At the next lock, the skipper suggested to the sergeant that the two men should settle it on the bank. In no time the entire party had gone ashore, taken sides, and was fighting a pitched battle.

Eventually the men were persuaded to go back on board, and then the sergeant came to borrow a rope to tie up the rowdiest soldier. But in his absence the others threw the man overboard. The crew rescued him and locked him in the engine-room for the rest of the trip.

Another gay party, which also brought plenty of beer, consisted of a number of London policemen. A piano is provided on board so that parties can sing if they feel like it. The police had brought their own musical instruments and felt that the piano was not necessary, so four of the heftier members threw it into the river. The last thing they did before they went ashore

Salters' steamer The Majestic passes through one of the thirty-one locks the boats negotiate on the three-day trip from Oxford to Kingston

Skipper Spriggs varnishes the wheel of his steamer. During the winter and spring, the fleet is overhauled in the yards at Oxford

was to throw the mate of the steamer after it.

"Most parties enjoy themselves without getting too wild," says Spriggs. "When things look dangerous, we try to keep them down in the saloon. They're safe down there."

There was, however, one fatal accident. A few years ago, a reveller tried to jump from one boat to another just as they were leaving a lock. He fell between them, was struck by the propellers and drowned.

Spriggs works for Salters' of Oxford, who maintain a fleet of eighteen passenger boats on the river, and carry more than a quarter of a million tourists every summer. The regular return service calls at such famous places as Oxford, Henley, Maidenhead, Eton, Windsor and Hampton Court.

Every season more than two hundred special trains bring tourists to the Thames Valley, some travelling all night from places as far away as the Channel Islands, Aberdeen and Penzance, to spend one day on the Thames. Parties come from hospitals, institutions, old people's clubs, factories and schools. Three times a year the Not Forgotten Association arranges a river trip for disabled ex-Servicemen.

"Schoolchildren create their own problems," says Spriggs. They run all over the boat, and sometimes throw overboard the stern ropes, which wind themselves around the propellers and bring the boat to a stop. When this happens one of the crew has to go over the side with a sharp knife and cut them free.

"People like a day on the river because it is an ideal form of relaxation," says Hubert Salter, a director of the firm. "There's no unpleasant motion, no dust, no smell, wonderful variety of scenery, and something going on at every lock." He knows of one American businessman, whose affairs take him all over the world, who regularly makes the trip from Kingston to Windsor whenever he is in London in the summer.

Another popular half-day return trip is through the beautiful scenery between Windsor and Cookham. One very hot August afternoon a skipper noticed a little man on board, conspicuous by his bowler hat and black business suit. He was walking nervously from one end of the boat to the other.

The skipper began to wonder whether he was going to jump off, and went to him to suggest that he should sit down. He was surprised to find the little man almost overcome with emotion. "You know, this is glorious," he said. "It's saved my life."

He turned out to be a wholesaler from Smithfield Market. Overworked and worried by domestic affairs, he had walked out of his office in a desperate frame of mind. Aimlessly he had bought a ticket for a day trip to Windsor where, finding himself by the river, he wandered on to the steamer.

"I've never forgotten him," says that skipper. "He swore that the peaceful afternoon on the Thames had given him new hope when he'd been thinking of suicide.".

Keeper Phoned For A Doctor

Some years ago, another little man presented a skipper with a different kind of problem. "It's my wife," he said. "She's expecting a baby, and I think she's going to have it now." The woman was made comfortable in a corner of the saloon. At the next lock, the keeper telephoned for a doctor. When he arrived, he found it was too late to move the woman. Within an hour the child was delivered. An ambulance took the mother and baby to hospital, and the steamer continued its journey.

The ninety miles from Oxford to Kingston are covered in three stages—Oxford to Reading on the first day, Reading to Windsor on the second, and Windsor to Kingston on the morning of the third. "The Thames is an ancient highway," says Hubert Salter. "Every mile of its course is scarred with history."

Old abbeys and churches, castles, palaces, and historic schools look down on its placid waters. Smooth green lawns fronting the great houses of noble families alternate with meadows, hills and woods. Foaming weirs and white-painted locks contrast with still, green backwaters overhung with willows.

Between Oxford and Kingston thirty-one locks and forty-four bridges have to be negotiated. There is a navigation channel which the skippers know by experience, but times of flood or drought present their own hazards.

Used Passengers As Ballast

Once, during a period of drought, a steamer ran aground at Clifton Hampden. The skipper brought all the passengers up from the saloon, and sent everybody forward. The weight in the bows lifted the stern off the mud and enabled them to get away.

"The chief nuisance to skippers," says Spriggs, "are inexperienced river users who don't realize that a hundred-foot steamer is not manoeuvrable like a motor car. We've got to keep to the channel or run aground. Often there is only one arch of a bridge with enough water beneath it to take us, and we have to steer for the centre of that arch in order to clear the stonework. And a steamer can't stop quickly, particularly when the stream is behind it."

Last summer, a group of girls in a ten-foot dinghy appeared from behind a pillar of a bridge just as a steamer was approaching. It was too close to them to stop, nor could it swerve without hitting the bridge. There was just space to squeeze by, but a girl in the dinghy, thinking there would be a crash, dived off. The force of her push thrust the dinghy across the bows of the steamer, which crashed into it, throwing the other occupants into the water. They were picked up by a launch, but their dinghy sank.

Occasionally, at the end of a day's run, a steamer may have a mechanical defect. If this occurs a replacement has to be brought down the river by night to maintain the next day's services.

During one night run, Spriggs saw a white shape on the water ahead of him. He took it for a swan but a sixth sense told him to sheer away from it. As he came closer, he saw it was the white blouse of a girl in a punt. "If she'd been wearing anything darker, I'd have run the punt down," he says.

Spriggs, a waterman all his life, is amused by the ignorance shown by some of his passengers. He recalls an occasion when a steamer from Kingston left Hampton Court at nine thirty in the morning for Windsor. It stopped as usual at Windsor for lunch and at two forty-five continued upstream.

At ten to six, when they were within a few minutes of finishing the day's run at Marlow, a man came up to him and said: "What time does this boat reach Hampton Court?" Spriggs had to tell him it was forty-five miles by boat in the opposite direction, and the next steamer reached there at six thirty on the following evening.

"He was on the wrong steamer. He had a return ticket from Windsor to Hampton Court, and no money for his train fare, so we let him sleep in the saloon, and put him on the right boat in the morning."

It is not often that a river steamer develops a list, but this happened one day last year. The skipper saw that all his passengers had crowded to one side of the boat. Someone had recognized Allan Jones, the singer and film star, making his way upstream in an electric canoe. So many passengers crowded off at the next lock to ask for his autograph that the lock-keeper asked him to refuse in case someone was pushed into the water.

Casualties Brought On Board

Almost all Salters' steamers were built in the firm's own yards. The business was founded nearly a hundred years ago as University boat builders. Often all the boats a college owns, from the barge down to the racing eights, were built by Salters'.

As well as boats for the University, Salters' have built steamers for African rivers, and hundreds of small boats for children's boating ponds. During the war they supplied small boats for the Admiralty, and landing and support craft for D-Day. Some of their steamers were converted to river ambulances. When the Tower Pier was bombed, more than twenty casualties were treated on the river before being sent to hospitals ashore.

Spriggs finds that the river has changed a good deal in the past thirty years. "When I started, there were so few cabin cruisers about that you could name each one almost as soon as it came into sight," he says. "On the other hand, a tug with a string of barges was a common sight. They used to try to get to the locks in front of a steamer, which meant a delay of an hour or so for us while the barges went through the lock. The bargees would demand a pound to let the steamer go through first. As we had a timetable to follow, they often got their pound."

Trapped Beneath Two Boats

During the winter months, Spriggs overhauls the boats. Everything—hull, fittings and engines—is reconditioned to meet the requirements of the Ministry of Transport inspector.

Before becoming a skipper, Spriggs spent eight years as a boat engineer. He finds the work on deck more interesting—and healthier, though he nearly lost his life at it two years ago. He was on a moored boat when another came alongside to tie up. Leaning out, he missed his footing and fell between the two boats, which came together over his head, leaving him nowhere to come up for air. The other men saw what had happened and forced the boats apart as quickly as they could.

They were just in time to save him from drowning, but he spent two months in hospital before he was fully recovered and able to take the wheel again. THE END

The Sirdarni held the mirror before me. For a moment, I stared, unbelieving. Could this beautiful Indian girl be me—Victoria Jones?

BHOWANI JUNCTION

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

My family scorned me, my friends shunned me, and Colonel Savage ridiculed me. But my mind was made up. I had to break with this sham life for ever

I LOATHED Lieutenant Macaulay, but I could hardly refuse to let him see me home. In the India of 1946, with all the rioting and sabotage as the British prepared to pull out, it wasn't safe for a girl to walk alone at night.

As we were saying good night, Macaulay seized me roughly, to make love to me. He'd tried that before. Sick with disgust and panic, I picked up a piece of metal and struck him on the head as hard as I could. . . .

My name is Victoria Jones, and I am an Anglo-Indian—there is Indian blood in me. At that time I had a job with the army—at Bhowani Junction. The line was being guarded by Colonel Rodney Savage and his Gurkha battalion: Macaulay was his adjutant. I was supposed to "liaise" between the military and the Indian railways workers, who were on strike.

Patrick Taylor, one of the permanent staff at Bhowani Junction, was Anglo-Indian, too. But he despised his Indian blood, tried to be more English than the English. Patrick was in love with me, and I had been in love with him. But four years with the army had changed my outlook towards him—and so many other things. I knew now that when the British left India we Anglo-Indians would have to choose whether we wanted to be British—or Indian.

But which? I thought of Ranjit Singh Kasel, the Sikh who worked in my office. He was timidly devoted to me, but he would never understand the Western freedom I'd grown up in. . . . Patrick was beastly to him—said he was mixed up in Congress anti-British politics, and called him a "wog." That was one of the last straws: I had broken with Patrick.

I admired the British deeply, yet Colonel Savage puzzled me. I had been sickened by the ruthless, cynical way he had broken up a "non-violence" demonstration. He was—oh, he seemed to go out of his way to say things that hurt me. He thought I had been leading Macaulay on, and that hurt, too. . . .

Now I looked down at Macaulay, lying on the ground after I'd hit him. A shadowy figure appeared: it was Ranjit. He gasped as he took in the situation. Then he hustled me away to his home. I saw a woman there, and the woman pointed at my khaki shirt. It was soaked in blood. I began to scream hysterically, as I realized that I had killed Macaulay.

PART 3

The Mother Of Ranjit

THE woman rocked back on her feet, and her square hands swung round—left, right, *bang-bang* on my face. My cheeks stung, and the teeth rattled in my head. She took hold of my arms at the elbows and said quietly to Ranjit: "Whom did she kill, son?"

"A British officer of the Gurkhas. Lieutenant

Savage whipped round sharply, and threw the carbine into my hands. "Shoot that woman the next time she opens her mouth!" he snarled

Macaulay. In the railway yards. He was a beastly swine."

She said: "Is he still there? Do you think he will have been discovered yet?"

He said: "I don't know. I don't think so."

I could not cry now. My hysteria had gone. I stood in the woman's grip, so tired that I couldn't tremble. I said: "He tried—to make love to me."

She said: "Ah. Son, call our friend."

Ranjit wiped his forehead with his hand and shuffled his feet. He said: "Do you think it would be wise, Mother? I mean, to tell anyone else? The fewer people——"

"Hurry and fetch our friend, son."

Ranjit still hesitated, but his mother turned to look at him, and he went out with a little movement of defeat.

The woman led me through a side door into a small bare room. She said: "Now get those clothes off, girl. Be quick."

I took off my clothes, and the woman gave me an Indian-style bodice, and a sari, and helped me to get into them. She fingered over my discarded clothes, left some on the floor and carried the rest back into the big room, pushing me in front of her.

RANJIT was there with a short, pale Indian in a loincloth. Ranjit stared at me as if I was a ghost. The woman said to the other man: "You know what's happened?"

The Indian said: "Yes. I'll go at once. I ought to be back in half an hour at the most."

He walked quickly to the door. I said: "What are you going to do? I must tell the Collector. I must——"

The woman said: "Do you want to go through examination in court, cross-examination? They'll say you led the Englishman on and then asked him for money. They'll say anything to protect his reputation. Our friend will arrange it so that they will never find out who did it."

The Indian went out. The woman squatted in the middle of the floor and begun to rub the marks of blood out of my clothes. As she worked she said: "Sit down, girl. I am this one's mother. I am a widow—the Sirdarni Amrita Kasel. Mrs. Kasel, you would probably say. You should call me Beji when you speak to me."

I hardly heard her. I sank slowly on to a cheap rickety chair. I said: "You don't seem to realize. I've killed somebody. I've *got* to go and tell the Collector." I tried to speak firmly, but it came out in a hoarse whisper.

She said: "You've killed an Englishman, an army officer. That is not a person. That is an

animal. Give her a drink, son. Our friend keeps several bottles in his place."

Obediently, Ranjit hurried out and soon came back with a half-full bottle of Solan whisky and two glasses. Shakily, he poured out half a glass for me and as much for himself. I gulped it down and watched him drink in slow, shuddering sips.

The Sirdarni looked at me and said: "My child, you have done a great thing. Now you are a heroine of the new India. I seldom drink, but I will drink to you now." She took the whisky bottle from Ranjit. She said, "*Jai Hind!*" and poured a lot of whisky down her throat.

I watched her throat moving up and down as she swallowed. She handed the bottle back. I drank again and shook my head and shivered.

"We'll have to check our stories," the Sirdarni said.

I said, "I must——"

She cut in. "*You* must!" She stood, feet apart, and fixed her eyes on me. "Have you ever met an Englishman who didn't insult you?" she said. "Haven't your people worked for them for a hundred years? And now how are they going to reward you? You know. They're going to leave you here to us. And what do you think *we're* going to do? We're going to make you realize that you are Indians—inferior Indians, possibly disloyal Indians, because you've spent a hundred years licking England's boots and kicking us with your own boots that you're so proud of wearing. I saw how the soldiers moved our people at the station. I saw you. You didn't look happy. Why don't you see that you're an Indian, and act like one? We're strong now. We'll look after you."

My teeth chattered on the rim of the glass. Ranjit stood there fidgeting in front of me but as silent as a dummy.

The Sirdarni said, suddenly, "Here. Look!"

She picked up a mirror from the gimcrack table behind her and held it in front of my eyes. I gasped and stared. I saw an oval, pale brown face and large eyes framed in the gold and green curve of the sari. I knew why Ranjit had been staring at me. I moved my head and opened my lips and spread my fingers. It was me, but this person in the mirror was more beautiful than me. She was a beautiful Indian girl in her own clothes.

The Sirdarni said softly: "India is your home, my child. The dawn is breaking now—our dawn, our sun, our freedom. We will stand by you always, whatever you do, once you find that you are an Indian. Trust us."

I met her eyes, and I did trust her. My roots had been in bitter soil, and then for a time I had been without roots. The presence of Macaulay was very strong on me. He was typical of the British. He was pleasant when it suited him, cold when it suited him, and all the time selfish, cunning, lord of all he wanted to take. I know he was unbalanced, but I didn't take that into account then. Colonel Savage was a cruel bully. Patrick was as bad as any of them, and a bigger fool besides. Rose Mary. Mrs. Williams. Sir Meredith Sullivan.

An overpowering, nervous excitement filled me, coming up like a high fear that choked me in my throat. All those people I had been thinking of stood on one side, and on the other—the dawn. I realized that it was not fear that I felt, but triumph, which is so often the same as fear. My boat was moving fast to shore then.

The strange Indian came back. His face was pale and smooth and without expression. His eyes were calm. He had large ears, set low, and he wore a big shapeless moustache. Both his moustache, and the untidy hair showing below his turban, were pepper-and-salt, black and grey. The Sirdarni said: "This is our friend, Ghanshyam."

Ghanshyam, the pale Indian, said: "I have brought the body into the city and hidden it in a dungheap, where it should not be found for several days. The Gurkhas did not see me. I have buried the piece of metal, the fishplate, first washing it clean. No one saw me." He spoke in a soft, careful, polite voice.

The Sirdarni said: "Good. Now we must get our stories straight. Do not worry at all, my child, there is nothing to worry about. You are an Indian, and because you have struck a blow for us—for yourself—we will see that you come to no harm. What happened?"

I told her. She walked up and down the room and stopped in front of Ghanshyam. She asked him, "What do you think?"

Ghanshyam said: "It is not difficult, Beji. Lieutenant Macaulay and Miss Jones went along the line, just inside the yards, without being challenged again. Ranjit went after them because his work was finished and Miss Jones had left her bag behind. He caught them up near the loco shed junction and gave Miss Jones her bag. Then he came home here, there being no reason for him to return to the station. Lieutenant Macaulay left Miss Jones by the signal outside her home. She went into her garden, and that was the last she saw of him."

"But after that, why didn't I go into the house?" I asked quickly.

Ghanshyam looked at me with a little nod of approval. He said, "You wished to be by yourself. You wished to think. You went somewhere for two and a half hours."

Where on earth could I have been hiding for two and a half hours at this time of the evening? I wouldn't have crept into the bushes like a jackal; that didn't make sense. It had to be some quiet but ordinary place. It had to be the Institute. I said it aloud, and Ghanshyam asked: "Is there a place where a person might not see you?"

I said: "Yes, there are several rooms, nearly always empty."

"And suppose you went to the ladies' room—there is no ayah permanently on duty there?"

I said: "Only on weekends. For dances and whist drives."

He said: "Good. You will go to the Institute now, and use the bathroom in case the sweeper should later recall that no one did. All this is merely precautionary. Lieutenant Macaulay will be seen about this hour, now, in a house of ill fame at the other end of the city. He will leave it at eleven o'clock—that is, in two hours' time from now, more or less."

I stood up. My legs were strong and my head clear. The Sirdarni said: "Tomorrow my son will invite you to come here for a visit. You must come. Some interesting people may call. I wish to see you again. And please remember that no one except us here and our two servants knows that our friend Ghanshyam is staying with us. Now go quickly and put on your own clothes."

I dressed quickly, put on the sari over my clothes, and Ranjit took me as far as the railway line.

"Don't take too much notice of what my mother says always, Miss Jones. She is a great patriot, but I cannot always agree with her."

I understood. She was of a much more ruthless

Continued on page 34

Lanson looked up. "If you want to interview one of my officers," Savage snapped, "you will ask my permission"

From his office, Hawken is often catapulted into strange situations all over the world. During riots in Cairo, he was arrested at bayonet point

Mr. Hawken gives disaster a silver lining

by FRANKLIN RUSSELL

After the hurricane, they pick up the pieces and send for insurance men like Ninian Hawken to value the damage—from missing roofs to watered-down rum

AS HE DROVE THROUGH Jamaica in 1951, checking the million pounds worth of insurance claims following the hurricane that August, Ninian Hawken, a London loss adjuster, braked at a flooded river some miles from Kingston. The road bridge had been swept away but Hawken was determined to get through. He found a Jamaican who was willing to hire him a mule to swim the river.

The mule was a tiny animal, and Hawken, who is more than six feet tall, was nearly swept down-river several times. He reached the far bank, examined a de-roofed house, then faced the return journey on an ancient horse which the house owner had lent him. "I was sure I would never see Kingston again," says Hawken. However, the animal managed to struggle to the other side and Hawken, using similar methods of getting to the job at all costs, went on to clear up two thousand insurance claims in less than four months.

Ninian John Patrick Hawken, a tall, imperturbable Cornishman, is used to being catapulted from the security of his City office into strange and sometimes dangerous situations. While investigating sixty claims, totalling £1½ million, after Egyptian riots in 1952, he was standing near a burned-out cinema in Cairo when he felt a prod. He turned to find an Egyptian soldier jabbing a bayonet into him. He was arrested with half a dozen colleagues, and taken to the nearest police station.

"We had unwittingly violated a military governor's decree that there should be no gatherings of more than three people," says Hawken. "But I only had to mention, through an interpreter, that we were insurance men, and we were given a cup of coffee instead of being jailed."

As a City man, Hawken dresses smartly, but while investigating claims he usually finds himself in overalls, gumboots or waders, being lowered into coal mines, trampling around fire sites or struggling through flooded industrial property. He is always on the job a few hours after disaster occurs.

All of Hawken's work depends on personal negotiation and strict fairness. He must check the insured's policy against his liability, ensure that the claim is not over-estimated, and that there has been no sabotage or fraud. He is independent and all his work is assigned to

Continued on page 46

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

by VERA JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

Jessie had often seen him: he lived upstairs. But he was going now, for good, and taking all of them with him—herself, her husband and her baby

IN A BOARDING HOUSE off West Heath Street in Hampstead on a late autumn evening, a man named Arthur Connolly was easing the butt of a cigarette from an amber holder and laying it in an ashtray, flicking a crumb of tobacco from his white shirt, placing the evening paper across his lap and drawing neat geometrical figures in the white margin as he listened to the nine o'clock news on the Home Service.

He was the kind of man who is born to a dull and routine existence. He carried out his duties as an accountant in the City with minute attention to detail, kept up his insurance, made regular bank deposits, and subscribed to a book club which made a monthly choice of reading for him.

"Did you hear that?" he asked, over the announcer's voice. "They're still looking for the man who shot a bank manager and teller in Croydon three months ago."

"Yes, dear," Jessie Connolly said. She had learned in eighteen months of marriage that it was seldom necessary to comment further.

"We pay taxes to support a bunch of incompetents who couldn't find a lost dog if it came up and bit them."

"Yes, dear," Jessie said.

The announcer was saying: "Four men have been remanded in custody. The police are anxious to contact a man known as William Farrell who may be able to help them in their inquiries. . . ."

"May be able to help them!" Arthur muttered, contemptuously. The newspaper on his lap was not quite so reticent. The fourth man had been picked up that day, which had brought the affair back on to the front page.

READING between the lines, Arthur guessed that William Farrell, the man the police wanted, had organized the whole thing and had committed a double murder in carrying it out. According to reports, Farrell had friends with a motor launch somewhere on the east coast, but the police believed him still to be in the London area. There was the photograph and the caption: *Have you seen this man?*

Arthur idly pencilled in a moustache and then, child-like, complemented it with a pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles. The picture was complete now. His fingers froze on the pencil. It was no longer a picture of William Farrell. It was Eric Simmons, who lived in a single room

Her voice was a thin whisper: "Not the baby." Farrell's hand, in his pocket, was firm. He said softly: "Oh, yes. I insist that we take the baby"

on the floor above. And in a minute or two, he would walk through the door and pull up a hassock to the coffee table where their cribbage board and cards were laid out for their regular Friday night game.

Like an echo to the pounding strokes of his heart, Arthur heard a knock at the door. With a single motion, he folded the paper and shoved it down the side of the easy chair.

William Farrell walked in. He pulled up the hassock, sat down facing Arthur and asked cheerfully: "Going to skin me tonight?"

Arthur swallowed. He heard his own voice saying weakly, "Well, I'll try."

JESSIE closed the lid of her work-basket. "Finished," she said. "Now I can relax. Where's the paper, dear?"

"I don't know," Arthur said. "Where it is, I mean. Perhaps I left it in the kitchen——"

"There it is, right beside you." Farrell reached over and pulled the paper free. It fell open in his hands. "I think," he said after a long moment (and he was putting the paper down on the coffee table and slowly standing up and sticking his hand deep into his jacket pocket), "I think we all need some fresh air."

Jessie stared at the two men and then walked over to look at the paper. The freckles on her thin pale face seemed to darken suddenly.

Farrell said: "Now, Arthur, you just run upstairs and get my coat out of the wardrobe" —Arthur moved to the door like a sleepwalker— "and Jessie, you can get the baby ready."

"Not the baby." Her voice was a thin whisper.

Farrell smiled. "Oh yes, I insist we take the baby." His hand, in his pocket, was firm.

Jessie gazed at him for a few moments, her face white, before turning silently out of the room.

When she returned with the baby, Arthur was already back with the coat, and he and Farrell had theirs on. Arthur held the baby while she got into her own coat, and then she took the baby from him. No one had said anything.

"Where—where are you taking us?" she asked, at last.

Farrell kept his hand in his pocket and let the silence stretch for a little longer. "You are going as far as the sea," he said easily. "I'm going on to the Continent."

As far as the sea, Jessie thought. And no farther.

In the hall Jessie suddenly turned to Farrell and said: "Just a minute, I'll be right back." Before he had time to object she had reached the bathroom door at the end of the hall and opened it.

Mrs. Lorimer, the landlady, was standing in the kitchen talking to Paul, the medical student, and the two girls from Canada. She waved to the men, and said, "Going out? And with the baby, too, at this time of night?"

"Yes, we thought we'd like a drive—and the baby's well wrapped up," Farrell said, easily.

They chatted for a while, and then Jessie came out of the bathroom.

"Goodbye," Mrs. Lorimer called, "have a nice ride."

"We will," Farrell said. The door closed behind them.

* * *

At nine forty-five, Hilda Walters, one of the Canadian girls, asked: "Where's Hans? His tea is getting cold."

"Here he is," said Mrs. Lorimer. The young German engineering student came out of the bathroom, blushing as everybody looked at him.

"Please," Hans said, diffidently, "I don't read English very good. Somebody is writing on the mirror, I think with soap. It is a joke?"

Mrs. Lorimer shed her affability. "Soap? On my mirror?" The others followed her as she stormed into the bathroom.

Hilda gripped her arm. "Look what it says."

The words stumbled across the mirror: "Help —police—Eric is Farrell—see paper in room—our car BUZ372."

"It was Jessie," the other girl said. "She was the last one in here."

Mrs. Lorimer frowned at the mirror. "It's not like Jessie to play jokes."

Paul burst in from the hall. "Here's the paper—it was on the coffee table."

They stared at the picture. "It's him all right," said Mrs. Lorimer. "And to think that only yesterday I. . . ."

But she had lost her audience. She trailed after them into the hall, where Paul was at the phone, dialling 999.

FARRELL was lounging on the back seat, the gun beside him. "Not so fast," he said. "There's lots of time. We don't want to get stopped for speeding. Do we?"

"No," Arthur said, and kept on driving as nervously as though he was being given a driving test.

Careful not to disturb the baby sleeping on her lap, Jessie turned her head to look at Farrell. "You know, my mother baby-sits for us on Saturday morning while we go shopping. She'll get there at eight tomorrow and a few minutes later the police will be looking for this car." She seemed to consider for a moment and then said: "Look, Eric, why don't we stop at

She knew that Farrell had his hand on the gun but she had to take that chance. Reaching out, she said: "Let me have the baby. He's cold"

the next call box? I'll telephone Mother and tell her we've gone to Aunt Flo's in Chelmsford for the weekend——"

"But——" her husband said, and stopped abruptly. Jessie had kicked him.

"Chelmsford," Farrell said. "That might not be a bad idea." He looked at her steadily, and was satisfied. "All right, Arthur. Next phone box. I'll be right outside, and"—he smiled—"we'll leave the door open."

MRS. LORIMER said: "He was a very quiet tenant . . . no trouble at all. He said he was a writer. Published articles under many different names, so he said."

The phone rang and interrupted her.

"Hallo? Yes . . . Oh—just a minute." Mrs. Lorimer covered the mouthpiece with her hand and looked around wildly. "It's Mrs. Connolly's mother. She's just had a phone call from her."

Detective-Inspector Creighton jumped up from the chair. "Ask her all about the phone call and repeat it slowly."

"Hallo, Mrs. Archer. What did Jessie say? Not to worry if they don't get back tonight—yes, I see. . . . They're going to—to Chelmsford for the weekend. Anything else? . . . Visiting her Aunt Flo. . . . Well, that's strange. Just

Continued on page 32

Years of training have made Violetta Elvin (in black) a prima ballerina. "It means more to me than being the most famous film star," she says

Violetta Elvin dances into a world of her own

by REX GRIZELL

The curtain rises, and ballet sweeps her away to live every step of her rôle. Then she comes down to earth—to cheer for Arsenal

ONE NIGHT A few years ago, ballerina Violetta Elvin was dancing the name part in *Cinderella* at Covent Garden. The final curtain fell, she took her curtain calls, ran straight to her dressing-room and slammed the door. While the applause still echoed round the Royal Opera House, Ann Northcote, one of her teachers, went backstage to congratulate Elvin. She found her hunched on her dressing-stool in tears because she thought that she had danced badly. "She was inconsolable until she found that the critics had praised her," says Miss Northcote.

Elvin herself says that she has always been very emotional: "When I was three years old I would cry when my mother sang sad songs." Even now she finds that a dramatic moment in a film moves her so much that she feels she may faint.

When the company visited Portugal she was invited to attend a bullfight. Although she protested that it would make her sick, and that she would not dare to look, long before the end she was shouting with excitement. She clung so hard to a girl friend's arm that it was black and blue. Her pleasure was complete when a handsome young bullfighter threw her a rose.

Elvin's emotional sensibility is the source of her great individuality as a dancer. According to fellow-professionals in ballet, her work has unusual range of feeling and dramatic power, and she is now recognized by critics as one of the finest ballerinas in the western world. "At her best she glows like a living flame," says one.

At five feet four and a half inches, weighing a little over eight stone, she is built for ballet. American newspapers have described her as the world's most beautiful ballerina. Members of London's diamond trade found her dark beauty ideal for showing off their gems; she was photographed for them wearing jewels worth more than £12,000. While many English dancers assume Russian names professionally, Elvin has done the reverse. Her maiden name was Violetta Vassilevna Prohorova, but she uses the name of her first husband, Harold Elvin, a British Embassy official, whom she married in Moscow in 1944. She was one of the very few Russian war brides given an exit permit by Stalin.

In the eight years since she joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company as a ballerina, Elvin has regularly danced leading rôles in a dozen ballets at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. She has often appeared on television, both in England and in America. On the twentieth anniversary of the death of Pavlova, she was chosen to dance *The Dying Swan* before viewers.

In the films *Twice Upon A Time* and *Melba* she played the part of a ballerina, but she refused a Hollywood offer of a part opposite Clark Gable because she could not spare the time from ballet. "It means more to me to be described as a ballerina than to be the most famous film star," she says.

Her colleagues are used to Elvin's sensitive temperament. On November 19 last year at Vancouver she was dancing in the Coronation ballet *Homage To The Queen*. Suddenly, the audience was startled to see her double up with pain. Unable to move her left leg, in which she had torn a calf muscle, she had to hop off-stage. She spent three weeks in hospital, and the Sadler's Wells tour of the U.S.A. and Canada continued without her. "She was broken-hearted at being unable to dance," says Herbert Hughes, manager of the company. "She sobbed bitterly when she told me about it on the telephone."

As a Russian, born and trained for the ballet in Moscow, Violetta Elvin is more emotional than an English girl. One critic recalls that once, when she was dancing the *Rose* adagio in *The Sleeping Beauty*, one of the male dancers stood too close to her, and passed her on to the next partner slightly off balance. "It was only a detail," says the critic. "Violetta gave no sign of annoyance, but it affected her dancing for the rest of the evening."

On another occasion, she slipped as she was starting a pirouette and almost fell, but made such a brilliant recovery and finish that the audience applauded it. "Elvin's reactions are unpredictable," says one dancer. At one rehearsal she had to run across the stage and leap into the arms of her partner. She mistimed her jump and fell heavily. Getting to her feet with a smile and a shrug, she said: "I missed, didn't I?" and went back to make a perfect leap.

Her technical success is due to a passion for getting things right and her relentless ambition to be a great artist. Ann Northcote remembers an evening in a London dance studio, when Elvin came to practise the rôle of Odette in *Swan Lake*. Wearing a mended costume, with no setting but the bare studio, to the music of a piano instead of an orchestra, Elvin whirled, pirouetted, poised in arabesque, and seemed to float across the polished floor. "There was no

one there to see her but the pianist and myself," says Ann Northcote. "Yet she gave a performance that would have entranced a packed opera house." Elvin puts the same effort into her exercises at the bar, where some dancers tend to relax, and finishes dripping with perspiration.

George Gontchorev, her Russian-born teacher in London, says: "I've known Violetta to practise the same step for twenty minutes at a time. Other dancers would do it for ten minutes, and then leave it for next time. Violetta does it now." Elvin becomes so absorbed in the part she is dancing that she speaks to her partner in words suited to the emotion the dance is meant to express.

For nineteen years Violetta Elvin has followed the rigorous discipline of a ballet dancer's life. Every morning she does forty-five minutes' exercise to keep her dancing muscles in condition. This is followed by a private lesson. On days when she is dancing she rests in the afternoon in order to be fresh for the performance.

She goes to the theatre an hour before the show begins, and spends it limbering up. "It is essential for a dancer's muscles to be warm," she says. When she is not performing, the afternoons are taken up with rehearsals of future ballets, or further private lessons.

Forgets Her Diet On Holiday

Even during her annual holiday there is no relaxation from the routine exercises, but she allows herself to break her diet. "Normally I eat plenty of meat and fruit for strength, and very little starchy food such as bread and potatoes." Only on holiday does she eat what she likes.

Elvin has travelled 75,000 miles to dance in the great cities of Europe, America and Russia. Every two weeks she wears out three pairs of ballet shoes at 17s. a pair. Silk tights from Paris cost six guineas, and she uses a dozen pairs a year. She has only once known a pair of shoes to let her down. The first time she danced the name part in Ashton's *Tiresias*, she suddenly realized that one of her shoes was breaking, and that her foot was turning inside it. There was no time to get offstage to change it. Soon the shoe split apart at the toe and she had to change her steps, so that whenever she was on her points, the weight was taken by the other foot.

From November, 1952, to January, 1953, she danced as a guest star at La Scala, Milan. The stage at this theatre has a considerable slope, and in places the gaps between the floorboards were very wide. She was anxious about dancing on it. "But it was all right," she says, "though in one performance of *La Gioconda* there was a moment when I felt better balanced than ever before. My toe was wedged in one of those cracks. Luckily, when I put my other foot down, it came free with a little pull."

Dance Went On In Darkness

A famous choreographer created a dance for her as a witch in the third act of the opera *Macbeth* at La Scala. One evening she had just made her entrance when the lights went out. As the curtain did not fall, she thought the failure would be momentary, and continued dancing. The minutes slipped by in darkness. "Apart from some jostling in the corps de ballet, where it was crowded, we managed to carry on, although we could only sense each other's positions," she says. "The lights went up just in time for the audience to see my exit."

Offstage, Violetta Elvin speaks fluent English with a slight accent. Her clothes are simple, elegantly cut, and chosen in such dull colours as grey, fawn and black. Fond of perfumes, she buys exclusive French brands and blends them herself to suit her taste.

Her interests, outside ballet, include modern painting, reading and cooking. She plays no games but likes watching ice hockey and football, and became an Arsenal supporter by accident.

Sir Arthur Elvin, boss of Wembley stadium, who is not related to her, kept receiving letters congratulating him on his daughter-in-law's dancing. The stage hands at the Royal Opera House also thought she was a relative of his, and asked her whether she could get Cup Final tickets. One day the two Elvins met, and Sir Arthur invited her to be his guest at the Cup Final. Arsenal won, and now she regularly supports them whenever she has the opportunity.

Russian-born Violetta has been called the world's most beautiful ballerina. She studied ballet in Moscow, married a British official there in 1944, and was allowed to leave Russia

Among her friends, Elvin has a reputation for generosity and unpunctuality. An official of the Royal Opera House says: "Violetta once told me that, as a Russian, she had no sense of time, but the one thing she is never late for is an actual performance." Soon after she came to England, she was nearly an hour late for a rehearsal, but that, she says, was because her English was then "a little broken." Asked to take her to Covent Garden, a taxi driver had delivered her to an address some miles away in Kensington.

She decided to become a ballerina at six, after her parents had taken her to see *Swan Lake* at Moscow's famous Bolshoi Theatre. Her imagination was captured by the scene and the music, and for three days she avoided the company of her young friends, staying in her room to live it all over again and again.

Her father, a pioneer Russian airman, and her mother, a well-known photographer, did all they could to help her. When she was eight she was one of fifty children accepted from five hundred applicants for education at the Bolshoi Theatre School. There she studied dancing, music, drama and general subjects up to university entrance standard. After nine years there was an examination in classical ballet, and the successful candidates were invited to join the Bolshoi Theatre. Violetta Vassilevna Prohorova was one of three girls and six boys who were accepted. She was made a soloist at once. Of the nine, she is the only one who has become a star.

She remembers one incident for which she was scolded. The first time she appeared on the stage, when she was ten, she was trying to watch the ballerina in the *Nutcracker* ballet. Her view from the corps de ballet was blocked by the enormous tangerine hat of a boy student who had pushed in front of her. She kicked him vigorously and he fell flat on his face.

For the rest of the performance she was able to see the ballerina, but afterwards she received a long lesson on how to behave on the stage. "I still like to watch and learn from other ballerinas," she says, "but I haven't kicked anybody since then." THE END

with the world's finest spiral ratchet screwdriver

An easy push action, *spins* screws in . . . and out. Its length and strength make light of the toughest wood and the most hard-bitten screws. The 'Yankee' Handyman, a smaller version with the same simple action, is ideal for home handymen and hobbyists.

Obtainable from all good tool dealers

"YANKEE" Regd. Trade Mark

Spiral Ratchet Screwdrivers

Write for a free copy of each of the "Yankee" and "Yankee" Handyman leaflets to: Stanley Works (G.B.) Ltd. Rutland Road, Sheffield 3

MADE BY STANLEY THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

the word!

the word for Toffee

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
"The Toffee Specialists"
OF MAIDSTONE

THE RETURN OF RAFFLES

Continued from page 12

cigarette. He called for ink and paper, dipped a pen in the ink-bottle and began to write.

His pen scratched swiftly in the quiet. It was eleven o'clock by the ticking wall-clock, too early for the late-supper trade, and Florian's was almost empty. Monsieur Florian was clinking cash in his cage; imperfectly concealed by the frosted-glass screen before the service hatch, Richmond, patiently holding up his coat-tails, was having his button sewn on by Madame Florian. Captain rasped at his bone.

Raffles folded his letter, tucked it into an envelope, glanced at me as he flicked the gummed edges along his tongue-tip. "Feeling better, Bunny?"

"Ready for anything," I assured him.

He nodded, started on a second letter. He sealed this up, addressed both envelopes, untied Captain from the leg of the settle. He walked up to the cash-cage and gave both envelopes to Monsieur Florian, together with some earnest instructions. Florian nodded his shock of grizzled hair.

"You, there, Reechmon'!" he called.

"Sir?" said Richmond, with a start that caused his bow tie to come unclipped and dangle.

Raffles handed over Captain to him, and the spaniel trotted off obediently with Richmond to the kitchen. Raffles came back to take his hat from the hook.

I finished my wine hastily. "Where are we going?"

"To the Imperial Embassy," said Raffles.

AND in the hansom, bowling up towards Hyde Park Corner, he explained, "You can see what happened, Bunny. When it was realized that Benjamin, J., was responsible for the leak, Colonel Saxe would have had Benjamin, T. up on the carpet. Benjamin, T. would have denied all knowledge of the business, and he'd have revealed his hatred for his brother. The colonel's a clever man. He'd have docketed that hatred, and Benjamin, T.'s physical likeness to his brother, for reference. The colonel would have had Benjamin, T. put aside to simmer till he could see how best to make use of him."

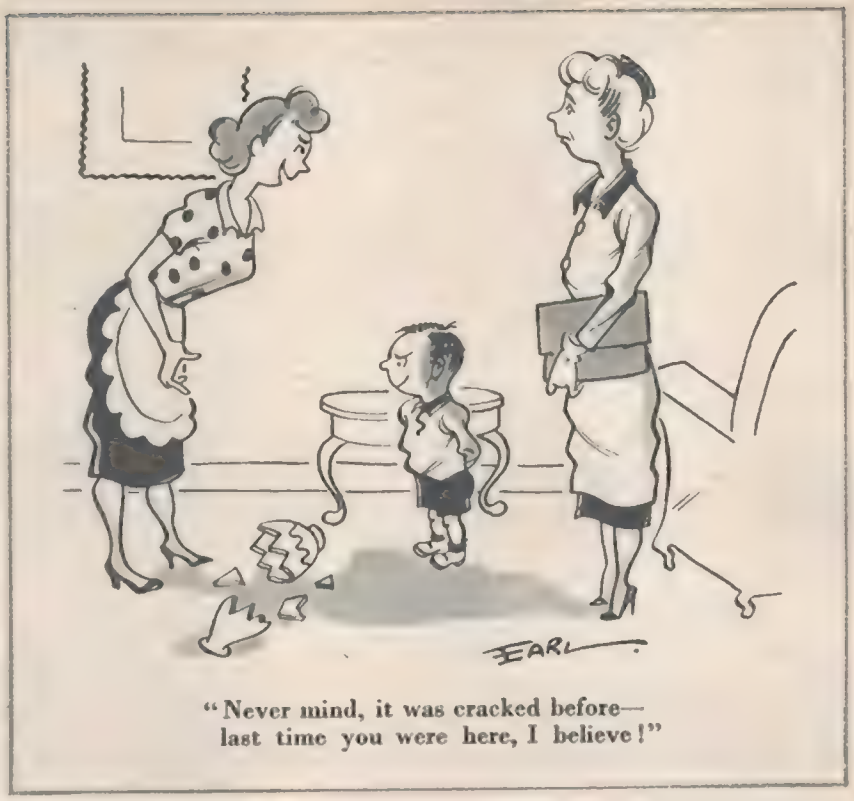
"And then?" I said.

"The colonel is banished to an Embassy job," Raffles said. "Meantime, he hears how well Benjamin, J.—*our* Mr. Benjamin—has come off. A pension, a lifelong tenancy under the Queen's Grace and Favour. How the colonel must have gritted his teeth over that! And then, Bunny, this imperial visit comes up, and the colonel sees his chance. He arranges for Benjamin, T. to be brought over as a groom with the imperial suite. Then he puts his scheme to Benjamin, T.—that he take his brother's place, draw the Queen's pension and live rent-free for the rest of his life under the Queen's Grace and Favour, while his brother is shipped back in the suite in his place to face whatever punishment His Imperial Majesty may order privily meted out. Probably life imprisonment. . . .

"The poetry of it, Bunny! Benjamin, T. spending the rest of his life as the Queen's favoured pensioner, and Benjamin, J. the rest of *his* incarcerated secretly at His Imperial Majesty's pleasure! And no one the wiser. The imperial suite has diplomatic immunity. I doubt whether *our* Mr. Benjamin has ever been able to put more than X—his mark—as a receipt when he draws his pension. Can't you see them chuckling, rubbing their hands—the Emperor, the colonel and the vengeful coachman? It's a score over the Queen. It's one in the eye for England. By Jove," said Raffles, "they really were deuced unlucky to trip up over the dog!"

"How do you think that happened?" I asked.

"It's obvious, I fancy," said Raffles. "We know Mr. Benjamin and Captain had their dinner at Florian's, as usual. When they came strolling back, the dog at Mr. Benjamin's heel, I've no doubt there was a four-wheeler drawn up in Park Yard. Our Mr. Benjamin walks up his steps and is promptly seized by the colonel's men. The little fellow must have put up a fight, to judge from that bit of broken watch-chain. But they bundle him into the four-wheeler and away with him. Unluckily for them, nobody notices the dog, which is probably scared and bolts back to the only place it knows where it has friends, the place where I find him sniffing forlornly around the door—Florian's."



"Never mind, it was cracked before—
last time you were here, I believe!"

The hansom bowled round a corner just then, and there ahead, between the jogging ears of the horse, was a shine of lights from the lofty windows of an imposing mansion—the Imperial Embassy. A long row of carriages, their patient horses tossing here and there a nosebagged head, was drawn up at the kerb.

The trap in the roof of our hansom opened. The cabbie screwed a purple face into the orifice to breathe down on us a reminiscence of breweries. "Right up to the hentrance, sir?"

"Right up to the entrance," affirmed Raffles, and he handed up a coin. "There's another half-bar for you if you wait for us."

The trap dropped, the whip cracked, and we went past the waiting carriages at a jingling trot, to pull up with a flourish at the red carpet laid across the pavement under a canopy. Raffles threw back the apron. A flunkey, gorgeous in knee-breeches and scarlet coat, hastening forward to hand him down, seemed taken aback by our morning dress. The occasion was formal. From the open windows of the second floor came the strains of an orchestra. A ball was in progress.

RAFFLES said to the flunkey: "Kindly inform Colonel Saxe that two gentlemen who prefer to be nameless are here to see him in the matter of the coachman's dog."

"The coachman's dog, sir?"

"Just so," said Raffles coldly.

The flunkey hesitated only for a moment. Then, possibly because he was not wholly unaccustomed to the arrival of somewhat cryptic messages for Colonel Saxe, he motioned us to follow him.

We crossed a vast hall glittering with chandeliers and mounted a short flight of stairs; couples from the ballroom were lingering there, talking.

The flunkey paused at a door. "You are sure you wouldn't like to let me have your names, sir. . . ?"

"Quite sure," Raffles said tersely. "Kindly inform Colonel Saxe of our business with him."

The flunkey opened the door, and ushered us into a spacious morning-room.

I turned quickly to Raffles as the door closed. "What are you planning, A. J.?"

He put a finger to his lips. "An admirable likeness, Bunny," he said conversationally, and nodded towards a huge portrait in a gilt frame above the lofty marble mantelpiece.

From the canvas, His Imperial Majesty regarded us malevolently over the spikes of his moustache.

The crystal door-knob rattled. The door was thrown open and a squat, broad-shouldered man strode in. He had a jutting, ivory-hard jaw, heavily pouched and stony eyes, and greying, thin hair brushed straight back from a massive forehead. He wore a dark-blue uniform, the skin-tight trousers strapped under patent-leather shoes. Behind him was a tall, palefaced, aquiline man, younger, with sleek black hair and a contemptuous expression, wearing a more striking uniform glittering with jewelled orders.

Raffles addressed the shorter man. "Good evening, Colonel Saxe."

THE colonel stood with legs straddled, his hands behind him, his jaw jutting pugnaciously. "You have the advantage of me, sir," he said harshly.

"Precisely," said Raffles, "and I propose to use it. I give you two minutes, Colonel, to produce the person of Her Majesty's subject, Mr. J. Benjamin."

The squat colonel stood as though rooted. I did not breathe. So still was the great room that the ticking of the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece was audible, as were faint strains of music from the ballroom.

The colonel broke the silence with an effort.

"Sir," he said thickly, "you speak in riddles."

"A riddle of two coachmen, Colonel," said Raffles. "You're unlucky in your agents. They bungled their job. They substituted T. Benjamin for J. Benjamin, but they overlooked J. Benjamin's dog. That dog is now in safe hands, for delivery to Inspector Mackenzie of Scotland Yard, together with a letter exposing your manoeuvre, in the event that my friend and myself do not report back, bringing Mr. J. Benjamin, by midnight precisely."

A vein swelled, throbbing, on the colonel's massive brow. "Who are you?" he said hoarsely.

"Private gentlemen," Raffles said, "and, I trust, sportsmen. You've played and lost, Colonel. We've no desire to make trouble. Whether a certain august personage—" he glanced fleetingly at the portrait above

THE STORY OF TEA No. 1 (No. 2 will appear in the May 29 issue) ★

Sowing tea seeds in a plantation nursery (Assam)

First the seed . . .

THE FOREST HAS BEEN BEATEN. The matted undergrowth and tangled vines are gone. The trees have been felled and uprooted. Shade trees have been planted. A new tea estate is born.

In the nearby nursery, seed is being sown and the beds will be shaded from the scorching sun by 'tatties' —thatchings of grass and fern spread over bamboo frames. These protect the tender young seedlings as they grow.

When the seedlings are between six and eight months old, most of them will be transplanted to the new plantation; others will go to old plantations to replace bushes past their prime.

In approximately five years time the bushes will be ready for plucking, and will come into full bearing when they are six to eight years old.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens —more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

And Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories, each serving its own part of the country, from which fresh stocks are rushed to your grocer by the familiar little red vans.

★ **Schoolchildren are recommended to cut out this series of nine instructional subjects on tea.**

Fresher—delivered Quicker
The familiar little red vans rush weekly supplies of fresh tea to 130,000 shops.

Brooke Bond

good tea - and FRESH!

We *specially* recommend our 'CHOICEST' and 'EDGLETS' blends

the mantelpiece—" is aware of your manoeuvre, or whether it's a brilliant bit of initiative intended to procure your own advancement, you know better than I. You are also in a better position to judge of the possible effects, diplomatically, should this unhappy affair become publicly known."

The colonel opened and closed his mouth. His neck thickened, flushing darkly, above the tight, gold-crusted collar of his uniform. Suddenly he turned on his gorgeous lieutenant with an epithet so explosive, scornful and bitter that it struck the younger man white to the lips.

"*Your* bungling!" the colonel fumed. "*Your* mismanagement, you titled nincompoop! This is what happens when they send me high-well-born halfwits as recruits to Intelligence! Get out! Get the man. Bring him here."

Mute but glaring, the younger man clicked his heels and strode from the room.

Colonel Saxe walked across the parquet floor, his heavy shoulders hunched, his hands clasping and unclasping behind his back. He turned on the hearthrug, his pouched, stony eyes on Raffles.

"As you have remarked, sir," said Colonel Saxe grimly, "I have played and lost. I am prepared—" he breathed hard through his nose—"I am prepared, in order to ensure that this affair be not bruited about, to meet any reasonable monetary demand you may——"

"Sir," Raffles said dangerously, "do not take us for adventurers. I have the honour to inform you that this matter will go no farther, except in one event."

"And that event?"

"Any interference hereafter," Raffles said, "with the private life of Mr. J. Benjamin, retired under the Queen's Grace and Favour."

The colonel ground his teeth. "You have my word, sir."

"Then you have mine, sir," said Raffles. "As to Benjamin, T., he is your responsibility. It would seem advisable to remove him from Park Yard without delay."

"He will be removed," said the colonel.

KNOWING that Benjamin, J. would not like anything to happen to his brother, I was astonished by Raffles's remark about Benjamin, T. But I had no time to reflect upon it, for the door opened, and there—with the colonel's glittering and furious lieutenant behind him—stood our Mr. Benjamin, with his respectable mutton-chop whiskers. Except for the dangling end of his broken watch-chain, and for the fact that an extensive area round his left eye was turning rapidly black, he seemed none the worse for his misadventure—only bewildered.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, when he saw us. "*You* here?"

"I need detain you no further," said Colonel Saxe, and gave a savage jerk at a bellpull to the right of the mantelpiece.

With Mr. Benjamin between us, we followed a flunkey back down the stairs, out on to the red carpet. Our hansom, with the purple-faced old ruffian in the debauched topper on the box, jingled up instantly. We mounted—it was a tight fit, though Mr. Benjamin was a small man—and as the horse clip-clopped off, the cabbie lifted the trap to treat us to a blast of malted vapours.

"Where to, sir?"

"Through Hyde Park," said Raffles. "Pull up at the back of Park Yard, near the barracks. *And drive like the devil!*"

The cabbie cracked his whip. The horse lunged into a rapid canter. Raffles glanced back through the oval peephole. I was completely at a loss to understand his sudden air of urgency.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Benjamin, "I ain't at all clear in my mind—hexcept that my brother, Benjamin, T. is in this jiggery-pokery some way. None the more for that, whatever 'e's bin up to, I wouldn't like 'im to come to grief."

"That's all right, Mr. Benjamin," said Raffles. "Don't you worry about a thing. Tell me, has your house got a back door—a door on the Park side?"

"Yessir."

"Got a key to it?"

"Yessir."

"Trust me with it, will you?" Raffles said. "Capital!" He lifted the trap. "Cabbie, when we get out at Park Yard, you'll drive Mr. Benjamin here round to Florian's Chop House. You hear, Mr. Benjamin. You're to wait for us at Florian's You'll find Captain there."

We were now bowling through the park. A sudden lilac flare in the sky westward lit the trees to brief, black silhouette. A roll of thunder trundled across the sky, and was detonating overhead as the hansom reined in at the back of Park Yard.

Raffles leaped out, with myself close behind him. The hansom moved off at once, with Mr. Benjamin; and Raffles darted across a strip of park lawn to the railing at the back of Mr. Benjamin's house. A gate in the railing gave on to a flight of steps leading down to a back door. Thunder was squeezing the first fat raindrops down on us as Raffles unlocked the door.

He stepped in, struck a match, held it aloft. We were in a narrow passage leading to a short flight of stairs. Raffles led the way up the stairs, dropped the spent match, struck another. Its reflection glimmered redly in the glass of many photographs, in Oxford frames, of the Benjamin brothers on the boxes of phaetons, dogcarts, traps, flys, broughams, wagonettes, victorias and shooting-brakes.

I THOUGHT that we had come here to warn T. Benjamin. I expected Raffles to wake the man at once, but he did nothing of the sort. Instead, as a triangle of lightning flared electric-blue, I saw Raffles's silk-hatted silhouette as he held aside the window-curtain of this tiny hall to peer out into the courtyard.

"None too soon," he muttered. "Here they come! Bunny, feel for the bolt of the door. When the knock comes, open instantly!"

I was at a loss to divine his intentions, but I fumbled for the door, found it, slipped the bolt and chain. I waited tensely, my hand on the knob. The thunder reverberated ominously over the Queen's Grace and Favour house. A fierce deluge was slashing down, now, in the courtyard. Then I heard the clink of hoofs on cobbles, the rumble of a four-wheeler. Footsteps ran up the steps to the door; the knocker was furiously pounded.

I jerked the door wide. Against the glow of the four-wheeler's lamps, swimming in the downpour, I saw a tall figure in a long, dark military cloak standing on the top step.

"Benjamin?" a voice barked, peremptorily.

Raffles's hand shot out, clamped on the breast of the cloak, jerked the man in. "For Mr. Benjamin's black eye," said Raffles, and I heard the thud of his fist as he struck. "Quick, Bunny—bolt that door!"

I had it bolted in an instant.

"Strike a match," came Raffles's voice.

I struck one. In the red flicker, Raffles was down on one knee beside the sprawled figure of the pale-faced, contemptuous man with the sleek black hair who had been present at our interview with Colonel Saxe.

"I fancied the colonel would send this johnnie," said Raffles, "and that he'd lose no time about it, if I jogged his mind a little!" He threw open the stunned man's cloak, and jewelled orders on the breast of his tunic caught the match-flame with a faceted, dazzling radiance. I saw the sheen of Raffles's silk hat as he glanced up at me with that unscrupulous, mocking smile I knew so well. "It would have been gross neglect," said Raffles, "not to provide this ambulant jeweller's window with a little reception committee!"

HIS hands moved over the glittering tunic with the deft authority of a virtuoso. The match burned my fingers. I dropped it. Simultaneously, above the cannonading of the thunder overhead, and the lash of the downpour, a shout rang out from the courtyard. Feet stamped up the steps. The door-knob rattled, the knocker was violently pounded.

"His men must have noticed something," said Raffles, and I heard his chuckle ironic in the darkness. "All right, Bunny, it's a clean sweep and a good haul. Come on! Out the back way!"

Even as shoulders were hurled with dislocating vigour against the front door, by way of the back we regained the park. The thunder rumbled in reluctant retreat across the sky, taking with it the midsummer night's heat. Through the slackening rain and the refreshed foliage, the globes of the gas-lamps shone white and clear. I felt braced and uplifted, alike by the cleansed air, by the sense of a sterile rectitude irrevocably shed, by the resumption of a felonious compact with my friend, and—not least—by the thought of what he carried in his immaculate pockets.

I trod the London asphalt with a step more buoyant than for months past. And it was not until, after a circuitous walk, we were approaching Florian's Chop House, where Mr. Benjamin and his sedate spaniel Captain awaited us, that a monstrous omission occurred to my mind. In my consternation, I stopped dead.

"Raffles!" I exclaimed. "What about Benjamin, T.?"

Raffles's gesture dismissed an irrelevance. "Miles away by now," he said. "He was warned earlier in the evening. That was the second letter I wrote—for Richmond to push under the door of the Queen's Grace and Favour house while we were at the Embassy."

I drew in a deep breath. "Raffles," I said, suiting the action to the word, "I doff my tile to you."

"As to that," said Raffles, "thank you, Bunny. But I can tell you one thing——"

"Yes?"

"I was devilish annoyed when Colonel Saxe offered us his disgusting bribe. He may be an officer," he added as he pushed open the door of Florian's, "but he doesn't know a gentleman when he sees one." THE END

Another Raffles story next week—the extraordinary adventure of "Raffles And The Princess Amen"

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B

AT the age of twenty, Charlie left the army with money saved up and big ideas. The first thing he did was to take a London flat at £2 10s. a week; then he ordered £15 worth of groceries, and paid £20 for a small cooker—the only thing the flat lacked.

After a week or two, he accepted a job about thirty miles outside London. Reluctant to give up his flat, he decided to buy a car and drive to work.

The car cost him £500, but he persuaded the seller to accept £100 down, and a loan agreement for the balance.

It was only then that Charlie inspected his bank account—and found that he was short of money. A day or two later, he had an accident with the car and it became a total wreck—uninsured.

When he failed to pay for the groceries and the cooker, he was sued by the suppliers; then the seller of the car sued for his £400. But Charlie remembered that he was under twenty-one. Proudly, he told the court: "I am still an infant in the eyes of the law. And an infant is not liable to be sued on any contract."

Indignantly, the creditors agreed that he was legally an infant. "But even infants are bound by contracts for 'necessaries,'" they said. "All the things we sold were necessaries, and you must pay for them."

Necessaries are goods suitable to the condition in life of the infant, and properly required by him at the time of the purchase. The court learned that Charlie earned £11 a week, that he was an orphan, and that he used the car to travel to work.

"But I didn't really need all those groceries," claimed Charlie, "and the landlord should have given me a cooker. As for the car, it was a great help in getting to work, but now it is wrecked."

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 32

THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN . . . AS TWO HOUSEWIVES SEE IT

'Gracious! What exciting things go into Cadburys ROSES'

Two housewives took a day off to visit Cadburys Factory in a Garden at Bournville. They marvelled at the rich ingredients and admired the big-scale methods of making. But what really captured their imagination was the background of flower gardens, tree-shaded walks and playing fields. Bournville knows how to play as well as work.

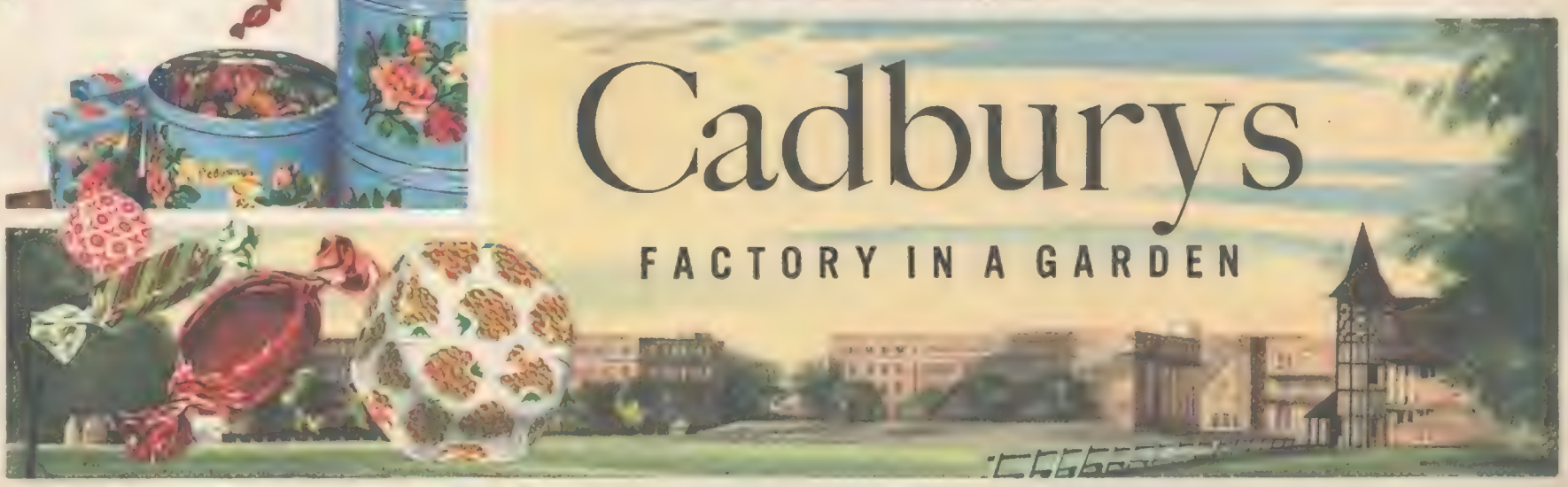
ANOTHER CENTRE OF ATTRACTION - Bournville's modern swimming pool, where employees in leisure hours can be found—when they are not on the cricket field, tennis courts or bowling greens.

THE CEREMONY OF ENROBING. Here's a machine with the grand name of 'enrober'. It gives each Roses centre a covering of Cadburys chocolate.

THE BEGINNING OF A 'CENTRE'. Fresh-baked hazel-nuts and steaming caramel—one example of the mouth-watering ingredients of Roses Assortment.

WHERE ROSES ARE MADE, ROSES GROW. Lawns and flower-filled borders come up to the very doors of the factory and keep 46 gardeners busy.

THE WEIGHING-IN. Having seen the goodness that goes into Roses, it is easy to understand what makes so many people say '*I want Cadburys*'.



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

Continued from page 25

a moment." She covered the mouthpiece again. "She's worried because Jessie said she was going to her Aunt Flo's in Chelmsford, when Flo actually lives in Baldock—that's in Hertfordshire. What shall I say to her?"

Inspector Creighton was looking very thoughful. "Our Jessie's a bright little woman—with guts," he said. "Tell her mother you're sure everything's all right. It must be a misunderstanding of some kind."

It was now ten thirty. By a quarter to eleven Creighton was back at the North London headquarters studying a map and briefing his men.

"If that was a deliberate clue Mrs. Connolly got to us," he said, "they're heading for Baldock, which means they're keeping to the Great North Road—so far. They won't break any speed limits because Farrell doesn't know we're on to him. They should be between Stevenage and Baldock now."

He marked a red cross on the map. "He may follow A1 round from Baldock towards Biggleswade, or if he's making for the coast he'll take the Royston road——"

He broke off to instruct the switchboard. "I want Hatfield, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Newmarket and Norwich alerted—but the car mustn't be stopped by force. The first thing to do is locate it, then we want a trick. Tell them Farrell's a criminal psychopath who kills without compunction—and he's got hostages. Here, let me have that transmitter!"

CASUALLY, Farrell asked: "What's the matter, Arthur? Cat got your tongue?"

Arthur cleared his throat, noisily. "No, no. Just—don't feel like talking, that's all."

Farrell and Jessie had been at it ever since they left Barnet—casual, friendly talk about places they'd been and books and shows and people. It didn't seem real to Arthur. He could see the patch of light from his headlamps rushing over the road to the inevitable ending somewhere in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk—a twisted corpse lying in a ditch. Or floating in the sea. His own corpse—he could see it clearly. And yet the vision filled him with numbness rather than horror. There was nothing he could do about it, nothing except wait and hope that soon he would wake up. The nightmarish conversation went on.

"Baby still asleep?" Farrell asked.

"Yes, but he'll want his bottle soon. Do you think we could stop somewhere?"

"Oh, certainly. There's lots of time. There'll probably be a transport café open this side of Royston."

Royston, she thought. So they were going to leave the Great North Road.

They were coming into Baldock now, past the red neon glare of the stocking factory. It was a town she knew well from childhood holidays spent with Aunt Flo.

"Straight on at the traffic lights," Farrell instructed.

They left the main road, went up the short steep hill and were away into the darkness.

A black police car parked in darkness up on the grass verge jumped into life, but not into light, as soon as the Connolly car had gone by. Four miles along the road, another mobile unit in a lane near the Post Office Radio Receiving Station took the information.

So, also, did a police car from Royston station, which was parked just off the road at the top of the steep hill overlooking the village of Ashwell. Two more cars were in a nearby field, and there were policemen in ditches along each side of the road. Two of them had large packets of flat-headed nails ready to spread across the road surface when a red lamp blinked twice from a high point a mile back along the road towards Baldock.

It was Creighton's plan. It was crude, but it could be effective. Farrell had to be off-guard when they took him.

Headlights broke over the crest of the hill. A car reached the top and came flashing down and then up towards the waiting policemen. There was no signal.

There were three more false alarms before the signal lamp blinked its warning. By the time the officers had put the nails across the road the oncoming car was already climbing the hill—and there was another car on its tail. The police got back away from the headlights. The second car was overtaking now, well on the wrong side of the road. Now it was in front. There was a loud bang, the car slewed crazily and ground to a stop with its right wheels on the edge of the ditch. The Connolly car veered around it and sped on over the hill towards Royston.

BACK at headquarters, Creighton got the news and cursed. He looked at the map. "Which way will they go now—Newmarket or Cambridge?"

Detective Sergeant Macdonald, who had been with Creighton on the Farrell case ever since it started with the bank murders three months ago, shook his head. "If he's making for the coast, surely it'll be Newmarket, Thetford, Norwich—then to Yarmouth, Cromer, or wherever he's got that boat."

Creighton said: "Why not Cambridge, Ely, King's Lynn? The Wash is nearest for him now. Anyway, he'll be tagged all the way—there's not much we can do." The thought seemed to worry both of them.

"How about flying?" Macdonald suggested.

Creighton frowned at him. "Ridiculous." Then he issued another instruction. "Get me a plane at Hendon—we're flying to King's Lynn. . . ."

* * *

At Royston they found petrol but no café.

"Next on the left—on to the Cambridge road," Farrell said. "We'll find one along there somewhere."

Five miles beyond Royston, just past the Foxton level crossing, they found a "Good Pull in for Lorries."

"This will do," Farrell said.

The baby was beginning to cry, fretfully. Jessie dandled him on her knee as Arthur manoeuvred the car on to the gravel pull-in between two big lorries. One other car was parked there.

"Bye baby bunting," Jessie sang. They must know about it by now. And yet Mrs. Lorimer might have washed off the mirror without reading it.

And her mother was perennially confused, the type of woman who never gets a message straight. She would have to try again, that was all. Her stomach tightened at the thought. "Wrap the baby bunting in," she sang.

Farrell held out his arms. "I'll take Arthur Junior," he said.

Jessie forced herself to smile as she handed the baby into the back seat. "Watch out he doesn't wet on you."

They went into the lighted café and Jessie led the way to the last table near the serving counter. It was twenty minutes to twelve by the café clock. There was a group of lorry drivers and their mates at a table near the door.

"Just a minute. Let me in first," Farrell said. He slipped into the seat so that the wall was behind him, still holding the baby. "You fetch the stuff," he told Jessie. "I want to eat—and Arthur could do with something by the look of him."

Arthur's face was muddy grey; he sat there, still living his nightmare.

Jessie took the baby to feed him while the others ate. The child was draining the bottle in great gulps. Jessie tipped him over her shoulder and held him there until he belched.

The door opened. Jessie's heart leaped, then stilled again as two men mounted stools at the counter. Their car was there when we came in, she thought. Farrell had the same thought.

"Give me the baby," he said.

"He's not finished——"

"The baby," Farrell said. He wiped his mouth, then took the baby from her.

"I'm going in there," Jessie said. She pointed to the door marked "Ladies" which was at the end of the counter.

With the door bolted behind her, she took a notebook and pencil from her purse. She flicked over the pages until she came to an empty one, printed HELP in big letters across the top and scribbled a message below. She had not got Farrell talking for nothing. Then she ripped the page from the book and stuffed it in her coat pocket. Her hand was on the bolt when she remembered to reach up and flush the toilet.

"Ready?" Farrell asked.

"Just about." She sat down long enough to drain the last of a cup of tea and unobtrusively dropped a glove on the floor.

One of the men who had followed them in was now standing by a charity slot machine which told fortunes for a penny. They brushed past him as they walked to the door.

Arthur was opening the door when Jessie cried out: "Wait—I've lost a glove." She moved quickly back to the table, bent to look underneath it. "Here it is," she called. She squatted down and reached for the glove with her left hand. With her right hand she slid the note on to the table. Then she joined the others at the door. They went out.

The detective at the slot machine walked back to his companion, casually picking up Jessie's note on the way.

"No chance," he said, quietly. "He had the baby in one arm and a gun in the other hand—in his pocket. She thinks he's making for King's Lynn."

"King's Lynn. . . . Well, better get on the blower. . . ."

FARRELL had said nothing for the past quarter of an hour, and when Jessie looked at him he was leaning back against the seat and yawning, with his eyes screwed shut.

I'll wait another ten minutes, she told herself, pulling back her coat sleeve to look at her watch. She forced herself to keep her eyes on the road that leaped up at them out of the shadows. Periodically she felt a sudden tension and realized that she was unconsciously holding her breath. The ten minutes dragged past.

She turned to look at Farrell. His chin rested on his chest, his head rolled with the motion of the car.

Arthur, numbed by the grip of his private nightmare, stared at the road as she carefully laid the baby on the seat and knelt beside him. Keeping her eyes on Farrell's face, she slowly stretched her arm towards the gun which was lying on the back seat. It was six inches beyond her grasp. She leaned farther.

Suddenly the car hit a bump. Jessie barely saved herself from pitching headlong into the back. She twisted round and bounced back on the seat. Farrell came to with a jolt.

"What was that?"

"I think we hit a pothole," Jessie said.

Farrell yawned and rubbed his eyes. "Must have dozed off. Come on, Jessie, talk to me and keep me awake."

* * *

Detective-Inspector Creighton, with Sergeant Macdonald, landed in a D.H. cabin biplane by flarelight at King's Lynn airfield just after 1 a.m. The town seemed to be alive with police cars and Creighton got reports at the station. His hunch had been right: they were heading for The Wash.

"They're heading straight here," the local inspector told him. "About thirty miles to the south."

Creighton looked at a map; Macdonald looked over his shoulder.

"I want a fire engine," Creighton said. "I want half a dozen civilian cars and twenty policemen who look like civilians. I want a flood warning. I want them quickly and I want them *there*." He put his finger on a piece of road that ran directly alongside the River Ouse just south of King's Lynn.

A mile south of King's Lynn, Arthur slowed the car. Farrell, who

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 30, the judge ruled that Charlie needed the food and the small cooker to set him up in the flat, so they were "necessaries." But the car was sheer luxury. The grocer and the supplier of the cooker won their cases, but the car seller recovered nothing. (*This is the probable verdict based on actual cases.*)

...and they lived happily on Weetabix *ever after!*

Of course the children love it and when they grow up it's still their favourite cereal. Weetabix with milk—hot or cold—Weetabix with fruit. Weetabix spread with butter and jam or marmalade. Weetabix with cheese. Sweet and savoury snacks in endless variety. Weetabix, childhood joy, becomes the habit of a lifetime. *Ask your grocer for a family-size packet to-day.*

You must try . . .

Weetabix

PERFECT WHITE **FLOUR**

. . . it's well worth the extra!

The modern generation of cooks has never seen flour like the new Weetabix Perfect Flour — so beautifully white, so silky fine. You have only to open a packet to see the difference. You have only to try it to prove it's well worth the extra.

Weetabix

THE WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL

For **FREE SAMPLE PACKET** *and Helen Burke's* **NEW** *recipe leaflet* **'Take Some Weetabix'**—*post this coupon* **TODAY** to Mrs. Marjorie Crisp, Dept. R3X, Weetabix Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Nr. Kettering, Northants, in an unsealed 1½d. stamped envelope.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

There's South-Sea Island magic in this

New Chocolate Thrill!

There's a wonderful new arrival in the chocolate world! Bounty, an extra-special chocolate coconut bar!

But what coconut!
Much creamier, richer, smoother than you've ever tasted before!

And what chocolate!
Thick full-cream milk chocolate — the way you love it when it comes from Mars!

Get a Bounty from your sweetshop to-day!

BOUNTY

Two big chunky bars for 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

SHELL
WITH
I·C·A

Try the two-tankful test

THE NEW ADDITIVE OF PROVED VALUE TO YOUR CAR

Shell with I·C·A prevents pre-ignition and plug failure caused by engine deposits. Thousands of miles of road-tests have proved that it gives engines smoother running. These results are completely convincing — but we do not ask you to accept them. We ask you to test Shell with I·C·A for yourself — at no extra cost. On your second tankful of Shell with I·C·A — (the second one, because I·C·A must have time to work on your engine-deposits) — you will notice *definitely smoother, sweeter running.*

It's a revelation

...come to *Ireland*

A million miles from worry... a few short hours from home!

Here's one delightful spell-binding country that demands no passports, no foreign currency, no struggle with irksome restrictions. Friendly, carefree Ireland invites you to enjoy its golden, uncrowded beaches... its wild, fresh countryside of mountains mirrored in deep blue lakes ... its winding boreens edged with scarlet fuchsias. You can fish, swim, play golf, ride and enjoy every kind of sport, or just laze away the days. It's a refreshing place, wonderfully remote from worries, yet so pleasingly easy to reach by land and sea, or by air.

Use the frequent services provided by B. & I. LINES, BRITISH RAILWAYS, AER LINGUS (Irish Air Lines) and C.I.E. (Ireland's Transport Company).

For full information and official list of hotels and guest houses consult your travel Agent or IRISH TOURIST BUREAU:

LONDON:
71, Regent Street, W.1. Tel: REG. 6801

DUBLIN:
14, Upper O'Connell Street, Tel: 44719, 44710

Issued by FÓGRA FAILTE The National Tourist Publicity Organisation for Ireland

had been dozing again, opened his eyes. "What is it? Why are you slowing down?"

"Seems to be a hold-up of some sort," Arthur said. He was straining his eyes in the dark.

Farrell sat forward. In front of them were the red tail-lights of another car, and, ahead of that, a line of black, slow-moving shapes and other red tail-lights.

They crawled slowly round the curve of the road. "A fire engine," Jessie said.

Farrell was already examining the fire engine, pulled across the road in front of the line of traffic. A pump was working, and there was the sound of water.

They slowed to a stop. There was considerable activity now. A man was coming down the line of cars with a storm lantern, poking his head in at the windows.

Farrell said suddenly: "Give me the baby."

"But——" Jessie began.

"The baby. Quick."

She handed the baby over the back seat as the man with the storm lantern came to them.

"Road's flooded," he said in the coast dialect. "We're getting another fire engine, but help's needed now. Would the men give us a hand?"

For a moment, there was silence in the car. Then Farrell said: "You go, Arthur. I'll stay with Jessie and the baby."

But, swiftly moving after the pause, Jessie was already out of the car. "It's all right," she said loudly. "I'll take the baby. Give him to me."

The man with the storm lantern, carrying on three conversations at once with people in the now-thronged road, opened the back door of the car, and after another pause, noticed only by Jessie and Arthur, Farrell emerged slowly with the baby. He had one hand in his pocket, Jessie noticed.

"What help do you need?" he asked.

"What help?—oh, love us! There's work for a regiment here. What we need is a proper flaming scheme instead of all this larking about every time there's a drop of rain. There's twelve feet of water there by the dip."

The baby, silent for so long, now awoke in the keen night air.

"Let me have him," Jessie said. "The poor little precious. He's cold."

Her tone and her movements were so natural that Farrell paused for only a moment. His movements were slow, indecisive; something, he felt, was wrong. But he didn't know what to do. He handed over the baby. And in the same moment the storm lantern hit him. It came round in a short arc, chopping across the temple so that he stood for a moment, his eyes rolling up so that only the whites showed, and then he fell, pole-axed.

Almost before he hit the road, the man with the lantern was crouching beside him, pulling the gun from his pocket.

The man straightened up, and held out his hand. "Mrs. Connolly, congratulations. You're a very brave and intelligent woman.

"I think I'm going to be sick," Arthur said sombrely, as she looked round at him. And he was.

* * *

Arthur touched the knot in his tie. "Yes," he said, "it was a bit too close for comfort."

"Oh, I'd just have died," Mrs. Lorimer said. "Wouldn't you?" The others—Hans and the rest of the tenants—nodded agreement. "It must have been horrible."

"It was—tricky." Arthur wore a superior smile. "Of course, the unpleasantness would have been modified considerably if our police officers had displayed a little more intelligence and initiative. We gave them every opportunity, but instead of moving in they let the thing drag on till it was almost too late. Just about what you'd expect, I suppose—isn't that right, Jessie?"

Jessie was feeding the baby. "Yes, dear," she said. THE END

BHOWANI JUNCTION

Continued from page 21

character than he. I unwrapped the sari and gave it to him. "Good night, Ranjit, and—thank you. I'll see you tomorrow." I crossed the line.

Lights were glowing behind the curtains in the Institute. The sweeper would be in his quarters. I walked around the back of the building, opened the outer door of the ladies' room, and slipped in. No one was about. I walked slowly over to the reading room. It was empty.

I glanced carelessly around the place again, walked out of the front door, and turned into Collett Road.

The lights were on in the parlour of our house, and Patrick's motor-cycle was outside. I went in. Patrick was alone in the parlour. He was sitting in a chair by the fireplace, a book in his hands. He looked at me, his big face suddenly anxious, and stood up. I walked slowly into the room. I saw myself in the mirror over the fireplace and stared carefully—no blood, no mark, my skin smooth, my eyes dark.

Patrick said: "Where have you been? I have been waiting."

I said, "For Rose Mary?"

He said: "Oh, Victoria, don't talk like that. Rose Mary is—you know Rose Mary is nothing to me. I was waiting for you. I want to explain about why that happened the other night. I want to ask you to forgive me. I——" His voice trailed away. His pale eyes were hurt and shiny, and I felt the tears coming up in mine. But I was a new girl. I was not his Victoria Jones.

I said: "I have been in the Institute—reading. I have nothing to say to you, and I don't want to hear your excuses. Now please go."

He put out his hand for me, and I backed a step away. He muttered: "Oh, Vicky, this is an awful way for us to be. What have I done to you that you should treat me so very badly? If you would only marry me I would not get drunk from being so miserable, and then I wouldn't see Rose Mary any more, and——"

I said: "Marry you! You, with ten thumbs and a soul like a boiled ham! Do you think I'm going to marry you and have children like you and sit in a house like this all my life wondering whether anyone will mistake me for an Indian? I'm not going to marry you."

I had become breathless with seeing him standing there so dumb and miserable. In a minute I would cry openly, and then where would I be?

I ran up to my room and locked the door.

Two days later I was sitting in my usual place in the Collector's study, my notebook on my knees and my pencil ready. There had been a big streak of blood on the front of my skirt directly under where the notebook lay. But that was—that had been—on the other skirt. I owned three sets of uniforms. *The* set had gone to the dhobi yesterday morning, the morning after the Sirdarni washed the blood away from my skirt and all the conscience of blood from my mind. Macaulay's body hadn't been discovered yet.

Govindaswami said: "What did you make of the Sirdarni-sahiba?"

I dropped my pencil, picked it up, and had time to consider the question. Savage and Govindaswami knew I had visited Ranjit Singh's house yesterday. I hadn't attempted to keep that second visit secret. Ranjit had openly invited me in the Traffic Office—while Patrick glared sullenly at us—and openly I had accepted.

I said: "I think the Sirdarni is a wonderful woman, sir."

Govindaswami said: "Yes. Very politically minded. Who else was there?"

It sounded a little like an examination in court, but Govindaswami was rocking easily back on the legs of his chair, his fingers locked together, and smiling comfortably at me. I thought suddenly that he already knew very well who had been there.

I said: "There was Ranjit, of

"What did you bring me? Where is it? Can I have it now? Hallo, Uncle John"

course, and Mr. Surabhai. A few others. Practically everybody's wife."

The pale and calm stranger, Ghanshyam, had not been there, and no one had mentioned him.

"What did they all talk about?" It was Colonel Savage who asked the question, looking at me through the thin blue smoke of his cheroot.

"Politics, mostly," I answered truthfully.

"Did you hear anything of interest to us?" Govindaswami asked. He was affable and off-hand.

I answered: "Oh, the Cabinet Committee. Jinnah and the Moslem League. The Mahatma. The usual things."

ACTUALLY, Mr. Surabhai had been planning to organize another procession of sympathy with the naval mutineers.

Govindaswami said: "Did they discuss the stolen ammunition at all?"

"I didn't hear them," I said.

That was a direct lie. Mr. Surabhai had in fact got very excited about the missing ammunition. His theory was that the British had deliberately allowed the train to be looted—by extremist members of the local Moslem community.

The Collector said: "There is nothing against your seeing as much of Ranjit and Mr. Surabhai and their Congress friends as you wish. Don't think I am censuring you or warning you off by asking these questions."

"Oh no, sir," I agreed. I thought Govindaswami was hinting that I would be a good spy, a useful part of his intelligence net, if I wormed my way into the confidence of the Congress group.

"What do you think's happened to Macaulay?" Govindaswami said.

I looked up slowly, but he was speaking to Savage.

Savage knocked the ash off his cheroot and said: "I have no idea. He leaves Miss Jones at the signal and disappears. No one sees him. If you want my opinion, you should have the proprietors of the local brothels thoroughly cross-questioned. Lanson and his police should give them all the third degree."

I sat stiffly in my position. I must relax, but I must not move about and draw their attention to me. I must be prepared at any moment to say something about Macaulay. If they spoke to me this instant I would whisper triumphantly that I had killed him and I was glad of it.

But they went on discussing the case unconcernedly between themselves. They didn't seem to care very much whether Macaulay was found or was not found, whether he was alive or dead.

The conference drifted to a conclusion. Govindaswami thought there would be a procession or two the next day. Savage said that would be fun.

I went out to my bicycle and wondered again how much Govindaswami knew and how much he guessed—about the stolen ammunition, about K. P. Roy, about Lieutenant Macaulay.

But I went home thinking more about my visit at the Sirdarni's than about Macaulay. There had been much political talk, but that was not the chief memory I had carried away with me. I remembered their playing an old gramophone with a huge horn, scraping and squeaking. I remembered the smell—what was it? Curry, incense, clean linen? I absorbed some of the Sirdarni's bitterness. It was not a conscious single thought; it was a gradual seep, drop by drop. I said to myself, looking around me, this I could have loved; this the English have spoiled for me; sneering at me, they have brought me up to sneer at myself.

I cheered up. That was over, for me. I was going to meet Ranjit and go to the pictures with him just as if he had not been an Indian.

But when I met Ranjit he had a long face. The projector at the Mahal Cinema, he said, had broken down.

I said, "Oh dear!" and smiled at him. He seemed really worried, so I said: "It's bad luck, I know, but it won't kill us." And then I thought: why shouldn't we go to the cantonment cinema? The time for feeling guilty and "different" had passed. Why should we go only to an Indian cinema, where I knew no one would recognize me? I said: "Let's go to the cantonment cinema, then. They're still showing *Hell's Angels*. Have you seen it?"

He said: "No, I've never seen it, but——"

I said, "But what?"

Ranjit looked at me for a moment, then lowered his eyes. "All right," he said.

The cinema was already dark when we went in. As I got used to the darkness I saw that it was less than a quarter full. The fans in the ceiling whirred noisily.

At the interval, when the lights went up, I sat blinking for a moment and then said: "Let's go and have a lemonade. I'm thirsty, aren't you?"

Ranjit said: "Well, yes. Certainly, Miss Jones." He stood up very correctly, glancing round him as though he was afraid to be recognized. He said in a low voice, "Mr. Taylor will be there."

I said, "Where?"

I looked round and saw Patrick's back as he walked, head bent and shoulders swinging, up the side aisle towards the bar at the back of the cinema. I knew from his walk that he had been drinking—not a great deal, perhaps, but probably enough to make him difficult.

I went up the aisle behind Patrick, Ranjit not too close on my heels. Patrick was leaning over the bar when I went in. Colonel Savage was standing at the opposite end of the bar, leaning against the wall with a big glass of whisky in his hand. He saw me come in with Ranjit. Patrick did not. Savage's eyes did not flicker, and he said nothing.

Patrick said, "Good evening, Colonel."

Savage said: "Good evening. Enjoying the picture?"

"Oh yes," Patrick said listlessly. "It is jolly good."

The barman asked me what I wanted. "Lemonade. The same for you, Ranjit?"

PATRICK swung round on his toes at the first sound of my voice. I saw that his eyes were bloodshot. Then Savage said: "Good evening, Miss Jones. Good evening, Ranjit."

Patrick said: "What are you doing here?" He stood upright, one hand on the bar, swaying a very little.

"Seeing the picture," I said, as lightly as I could. "With Ranjit."

He said: "You are seeing the picture with Kasel? You have come here with Kasel to see the picture?"

I said: "Yes, Patrick, I've just told you— Look out for the lemonade bottles! Oh, Patrick, you are the most——" The lemonade bottle smashed on the floor as Patrick jerked his elbow back.

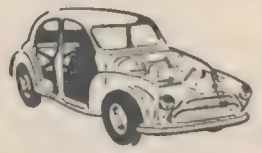
Now he was cornered by his own

If you put "Quality First"

. . . you'll settle for a Morris Oxford—nothing less. To compromise with quality is to forego those very things you value most in motoring—good looks, performance, lasting fine finish and economy in running. An "Oxford" is a car you can keep with pride to the limit of its long mileage.

. . . consider the facts of this fine car

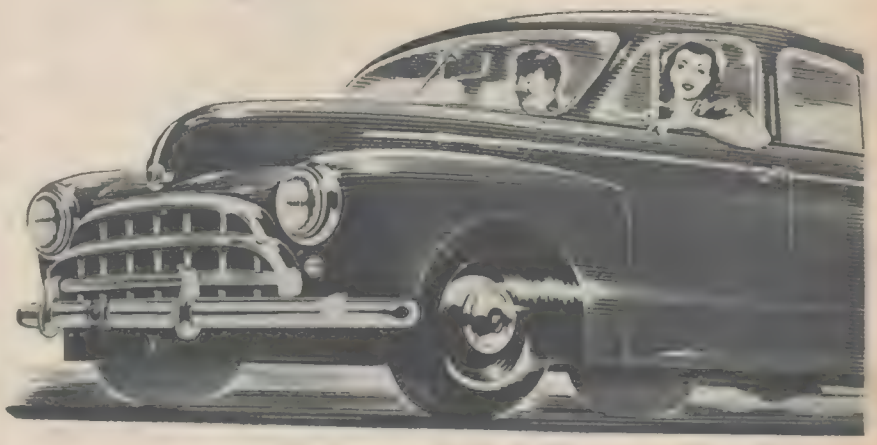
Seating within the wheelbase places the driver and passengers of the Oxford in the "comfort zone" of car design for the pleasure of relaxed, day-long travel. Wide angle windscreen gives horizon-wide outlook. Scientifically angled driving position prevents long-journey fatigue.



The Oxford gains its stamina for long and hard service from its advanced design. 'Monoconstruction'—the welding of body and chassis into one unit of incredible strength—eliminates deadweight and gives the car that ratio of lightness which is reflected in its good performance.

Torsion-bar front suspension and hydraulic shock absorbers keep the car on an even keel on the roughest road, ensure finger-light steering, faultless road-holding and safe cornering. Through the hypoid final drive power is developed in cushioned silence in all gears, at all speeds.

. . . then take the wheel in a trial run



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A

MORRIS Oxford

● SERVICE IN EUROPE

Qualified Morris owners planning a Continental Tour are invited to see their Morris dealer for details of a free service to save foreign currency.

Safety Glass throughout

MORRIS MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

London Distributors: Morris House, Berkeley Square, W.1

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

C.1710(54)

Why Mummy..

. . . why do I see me?

"That's your reflection in the mirror. You see, darling, the glass has a perfectly smooth, polished surface on both sides, and the back of the mirror is coated with a bright silver substance. Without that it would be like looking through a window".

A Mansion shine is mirror bright too, and Mansion has three big advantages: It's economical, easy to use and it protects floors and furniture.

A fragrant alternative for those who wish to have the scent of roses about the house.

ROSE *Perfumed* MANSION

Price 1/3d.

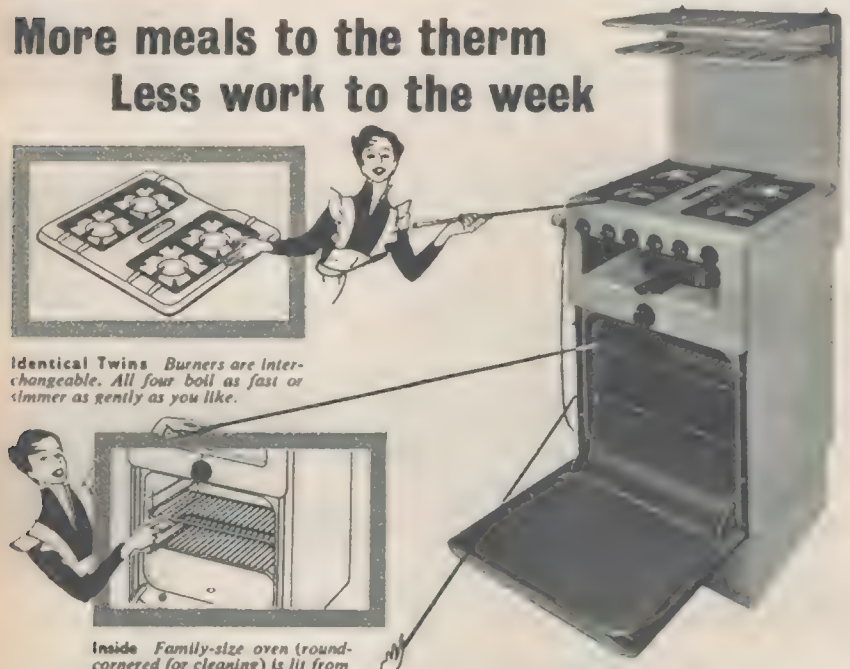
MANSION POLISH

for floors, furniture and linoleum

111/6 & 3/9

FOR DARK FLOORS USE DARK MANSION

More meals to the therm
Less work to the week



Identical Twins *Burners are interchangeable. All four boil as fast or simmer as gently as you like.*

Inside *Family-size oven (round-cornered for cleaning) is lit from front. Mainstat heat control.*

Outside *Cream enamel, rounded corners. Plinth base to house baking tins. Gas pistol optional.*

Certainly the Main 'Century' saves effort, gas and time, and gives you wonderful cooking. But you can't pack all its advantages in a phrase or two because it's a mass of clever details. The only thing is to see it for yourself!

If you cook on gas you must have THE MAIN COOKERY BOOK. Over 750 recipes. Useful hints on gas cooking. 300 pages. 5/- post free from **Dept. J.B. R & A Main Ltd, 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1**

THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY

GAS COOKER

SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

Note the name made by MAIN

clumsiness. He was drunk and nearly crazy with jealousy and hurt pride—because Ranjit was an Indian. Patrick turned to Savage and said in a low voice: "That was a jolly good idea of yours at the station the other day, Colonel. You know, what you told the Gurkhas to do to those bloody Congress wallahs."

Savage said coldly: "Do you mind not trying to drag me into your mating squabbles?" He swallowed his whisky and went into the cinema.

Patrick's pale blue-green eyes were dull and blinking and watery, as though Savage had hit him on the nose. He said: "You are just a bitch, Victoria. You can't go out with this fellow. I'll show you!"

He wandered towards us, his fists doubled. I stood there staring at him until his eyes fell. Then I said: "I am going to see the picture with Ranjit and do whatever else I like, see? Now go home and get sober, and learn to behave yourself!" My voice had gone all shrill and cheechee. It was such a little easy step to be with Patrick again.

I walked back into the cinema with my head up. The lights began to dim as I went in, but I had time to see Colonel Savage sprawled back in the double fauteuil nearest the aisle, nearest the door to the bar. His feet were up on the back of the seat in front. He must have heard.

Ranjit sat silent through the rest of the picture, and did not talk on the way back to my house. I shook hands with him in the road outside our house, pressing his fingers because he had been hurt and I liked him. On an impulse, I said: "Do you know what I think I'm going to do?"

"No, Miss Jones," he said.

I said: "For heaven's sake, call me Victoria. I think I'm going to wear a sari. That ought to show them!"

Ranjit was still worried. He said: "It will cause you a lot of trouble." Then he cheered up a bit and said: "But it will be worth it. You don't know how suitable a sari is for you, Miss—Victoria."

I said, laughing: "Oh yes, I do!"

Maybe my words were too bold. They seemed to embarrass him. He said good night, awkwardly, and left me.

THE next day was May 24—Empire Day. There was a pipe band on the parade ground, and I got to the office feeling extraordinarily fresh and clear-headed.

As soon as I had sat down, I heard a car arrive at the offices, then voices, then footsteps. Someone went into Colonel Savage's office, and a Gurkha said: "In there, sahib."

Mr. Lanson, the deputy superintendent of police, stood in my doorway, his topi in his hand.

"Morning, Miss Jones," he said. "Sorry to disturb you at this ungodly hour."

"Not at all, Mr. Lanson. Won't you sit down?" I said, trying not to sound wary.

"Thanks." He lowered himself into a chair. "It's about Macaulay."

I held myself, waiting, and Lanson said: "The fact is that when he left you he seems to have gone direct to a—well, a brothel."

He pulled a notebook from his tunic pocket and slowly turned over the pages. "He got there, apparently, at about a quarter past eight, and is supposed to have stayed there about three hours. I wondered if he had said anything that would show he intended to go somewhere else?"

I shook my head. "No. He didn't say anything to me. He just said good night, and then I left him. I didn't even see him start back from the signal."

Lanson wrote carefully in his notebook. When he had finished he said: "Did he try to kiss you, Miss Jones, or did you kiss him, or—ah—anything? I really am sorry about this, but I have a reason for asking. It seems that Macaulay had been telling some of his friends here that he was very fond of you. He even indicated that you returned this feeling. What I am getting at is that if you did in fact like him——"

I heard the tramp of boots, the squeak of hobnails on stone, a door opening and shutting. Colonel Savage was in his office next door.

LANSON lowered his voice. He said: "If you did return this—passion, Macaulay is supposed to have called it—it is less likely that he would have gone direct from you to such a place. You see what I mean?"

I said: "I did not like Lieutenant Macaulay, Mr. Lanson. He did make advances to me once, very unpleasantly. I gave him no encouragement then or at any other time."

"But you did let him accompany you home that evening," Lanson said gruffly. "I don't like this any more than you do, Miss Jones. But you did, and the Gurkha sentry in the yards says you were close together when he challenged you. He thought Macaulay——"

The inner door jerked open, and Colonel Savage was standing there, his Gurkha hat on his head and his jungle-green uniform clean and newly pressed. He said brusquely: "If you want to interview one of my officers, Lanson, you will ask my permission."

Lanson stood up slowly and turned to face Savage. He said: "You weren't here, Savage, or I would have."

Savage said: "These are my offices, and you may not use them as a police court. I heard the last part of what you were saying. The partitions are thin. Miss Jones never encouraged Macaulay. In fact, she so obviously disliked him that I ordered Macaulay never to be anywhere alone with her."

Lanson's face had gone very red. He reached for his topi. "All right, Savage. I haven't got any more to ask her now. But when I have, you want me to subpoena her officially and make her come down to the Kutcherry, is that right?"

"That's right," Savage said, "and she will come, provided she isn't on urgent military duty. Or you can ask me if you want to see her here."

Lanson nodded stiffly, and went out. When his footsteps had died away Savage said curtly: "Bring the map of the city into my office," and left me.

I sat for a moment in my chair, forcing myself to be calm and cold. It looked as if I was going to be saved by the quarrelling of the British among themselves as much as by Ghanshyam's schemings. The fools.

When I went in with the map, Henry Dickson, Savage's second-in-command, was there with him. I unrolled the map and stood looking on.

Savage said: "This is the form: the

If your newsagent says "sorry"

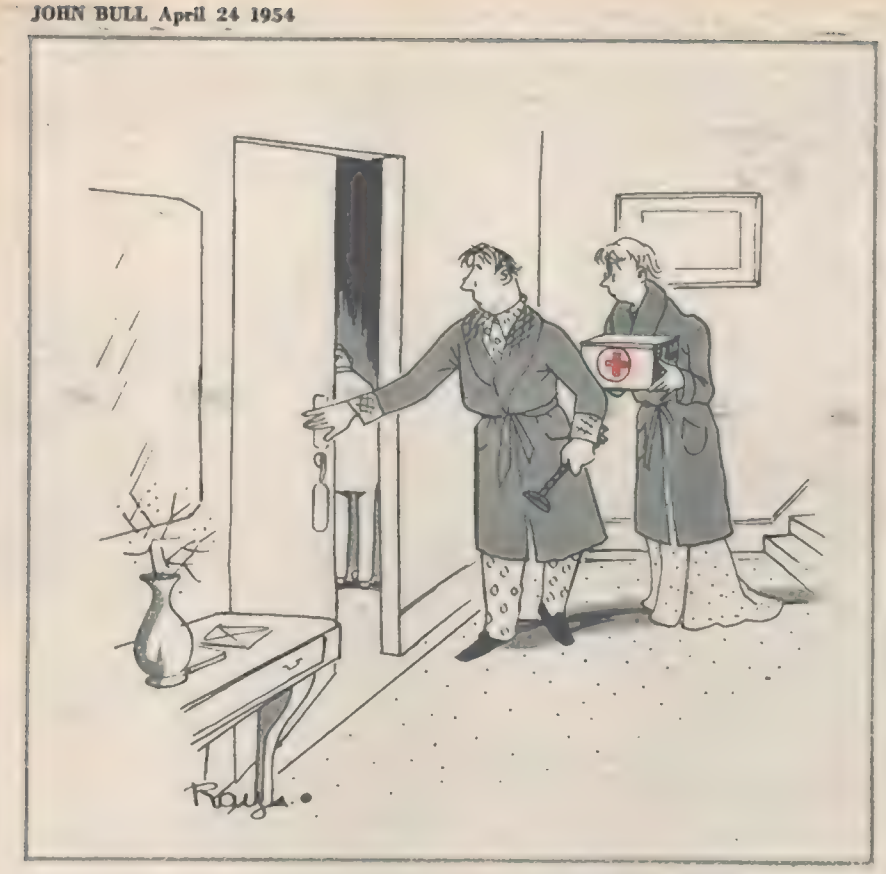
Do not blame him. He is faced with an increasing demand for JOHN BULL. Make sure of your copy by placing a regular order.

TO NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSTALL: PLEASE DELIVER/RESERVE JOHN BULL EVERY WEEK

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....



local Congress committee, headed by Surabhai, have got the Collector's permission to stage a procession in sympathy with the Royal Indian Navy mutineers. The local branch of the Moslem League, not to be outdone, have done the same. Govindaswami believes in safety valves. He's allotted this as the route for Congress—" He ran his finger along a zigzag course in the eastern half of the city "—and this for the Mohammedans." He traced a route in the western half of the city and went on: "Govindaswami thinks the two processions will try to meet. Rather, he thinks that Surabhai will take his procession through to join the Moslems if he can. And he doesn't want that, of course. So what I'm going to do is this. . . ."

He began to explain. All the battalion trucks would be out, with their canvas covers on and fastened down. In every truck there would be at least two men, but some trucks would be full of men. The plan was to station trucks near every likely corner and junction on both routes. Surabhai would not know which were full and which were, for practical purposes, empty. He would not know that the Gurkhas had orders not to shoot except to protect their own lives.

Colonel Savage rolled up the map and said: "I'll keep this until tomorrow." He was in a good humour. "I'm going to be hanging round with my advanced quarters radio. Have you got anything else to do, Miss Jones?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'm going to work in the Traffic Office this afternoon. I have to get some information about several coal trains they're going to run through now the strike's over."

SAVAGE said, "Good." He looked at me and added: "You ought to have an enjoyable time whether it's Taylor or Ranjit on duty — Miss Starkie." He went out.

Major Dickson said: "What did he call you—Miss Starkie for? You haven't changed your name, have you?"

Wearily, I said, "No."

Dickson shook his head. He said: "I don't understand the C.O. half the time, either," and ambled out.

I recited bitterly to myself:

There was a young lady called Starkie
Who had an affair with a darkie.
The result of her sins
Was an eightsome of twins—
Two black, two white and four khaki.

Savage, Savage, Savage. Why? It must be his nature. . . .

I free-wheeled down the slope into the tunnel under the tracks. It was dark there and not as burning hot as in the sun. I saw a dim face, a man walking my way on the raised pedestrian footpath on the left of the road, looking back at me over his shoulder. When I came nearly abreast of him he turned, and I thought it was Ghanshyam. He said distinctly: "Stop. Your chain is off."

I stopped and slid my feet to the ground. It was Ghanshyam. He said aloud: "I will fix it, miss sahib. I know all about bicycles."

HE stepped down to the roadway beside me. He squatted on his heels by the back wheel, while I held the bike upright and leaned over the saddle to see what he was doing. He jerked with his finger, and the chain came off. He said: "Ah, I thought so. Are the soldiers going to be out this afternoon?"

I muttered: "Yes. Can you fix it?"

He said: "In time, time. Will they be at the corner where Blue Lane meets the Street of Suttees?"

I saw the map of the city in my mind, and Colonel Savage's finger on it. I said: "No. There will be a truck with only two soldiers in it. Won't the chain go back on?"

He said: "Don't you bother, miss sahib. You'll get your hands dirty. There's a lot of oil here. Two soldiers with rifles can stop a crowd."

I said: "They have orders not to fire. It's no distance to the station from here. I can wheel it."

He said: "There, it's done," and stood up, his round face twisted into what ought to have been a beggar's smile. He held his palm out. I fumbled in my bag, gave him a four-anna piece and got on to the bicycle.

Colonel Savage would look a fine fool this evening for all his jokes about Miss Starkie. I could see no reason why the two processions should not meet—except that the Collector and Savage wanted to keep them separate.

Patrick was on duty in the Traffic Office. He glanced up when I came in, but quickly turned his head down, clearing his throat, and said nothing to me. I sat down at my table, collected my papers, and began to work.

I completed my work at a quarter to four, and walked over to the window and stood there, looking down at the square.

A band struck up in the distance, and I heard the shrieking of Indian music. An army six-by-six Dodge rolled into the yard, its canvas battened down. It backed up to the station arch and stopped. Ten Gurkhas scrambled out through the narrow opening in the back of the canvas and

A kiss for a gas cook!

It's the exact temperature control that's the secret of cooking by gas. Light a burner and it gives full heat instantly; turn the *visible* flame up or down and the change of heat is immediate. The merest glimmer for a slow simmer, or a full flame for a fast boil—they're instantly possible with gas, while the oven heat is automatically controlled and you get perfect results every time.

GRATITUDE TO A GOOD COOK! Gratitude also to a good cooker! They cook better, are easier to clean and save their cost by saving gas. Mr. Therm's hire purchase terms are really easy!

Good-it's GAS!

The Gas Industry makes the best use of the Nation's coal

Issued by THE GAS COUNCIL

"I thought you'd ask *that*, young man!"

Tender as chicken. Solid and satisfying as anything you ever tasted! The rich, rosy, nourishing middle-cut from a tuna caught in its prime. This isn't just a snack for tea. It's a meal for a hungry man. A dish fit for a king! And all you have to do is turn it out of its tin.
Give them some tonight.

Insist on the best—and buy

JOHN WEST'S
***'middle-cut'* TUNA**

PELLING STANLEY & GREEN LTD., LIVERPOOL
TNAJ-541

FOX'S *Glacier* REGD. TRADE MARK MINTS

THE
FINEST PEPPERMINT
IN THE WORLD

slipped into the station. When they had gone I saw a face, an eye and the muzzle of a Sten gun at the crack. Not many people would know whether it was empty or full. Another six-by-six passed across the yard, drove up the Street of Suttees as far as Blue Lane, drew in, and stopped there.

Savage arrived in his jeep, the radio jeep close behind him. The two jeeps backed up to the wall. Savage and Birkhe, his Gurkha orderly, got out and stood looking up the Street of Suttees. The music wailed a little louder. It must have been unbearably hot inside the trucks with the canvas covers closed down and the sun pouring its heat on to them. It served them right.

Then the Collector arrived and, standing up there, looking down on them all, I got a fine, comfortable feeling that Savage and his pals were the puppets now, dancing on strings that I recognized while they did not. They were fools. India was too strong for them.

Savage, Birkhe, Govindaswami, and a head constable of police walked together up the Street of Suttees. I saw them turn into a house on the right, a little beyond Blue Lane. It was a tall house, six storeys high, built of old brick, with crumbling balconies, peeling yellow paint and iron grilles. It had a flat roof. In a couple of minutes the party appeared up there.

The music went *boom-boom-bom-boomty-boomty-bom*. If there was a tune, I did not recognize it, and the rhythm was jumpy and eccentric.

"Music!" Patrick said. "It is more like cats caterwauling."

SUDDENLY, the procession swung out of a side street a long way off, turned into the Street of Suttees, and came directly on towards the station yard, its flags and banners swaying triumphantly. *Tee-Boom. Boom. Bo-bo-bo-bompty. Tee-boom.*

Patrick said: "I bet that black boy friend of yours is down there beating a big drum."

I gathered up my bag, and ran down the stairs and across the yard.

The head of the procession was close. Mr. Surabhai, with a policeman each side of him, carried a huge Congress flag. Today his suspenders were blue and his socks yellow. His eyes flashed, and he marched like a soldier, sticking out his chest, shouting, "*Jai Hind!*" and, "Long live our brothers the sailors!" Behind him were a couple of hundred people, with a forest of placards and flags. The people watching it all were crowded in the gutters and in the shops, clapping their hands.

As I passed the Blue Lane turning, I saw down there the head of the other procession. They were due to turn left up a street parallel to Suttees. Two policemen were standing in Blue Lane near them, ready to direct the turn.

I ran into the door of the house where Savage and Govindaswami stood on the roof six storeys up. It was too late for them to move trucks or troops now. I was among a thick crowd of Indians. I found the Sirdarni-sahiba at my side, and smiled at her. She said: "The two processions are going to unite, to show that all Indians are united in this struggle."

At the corner of Blue Lane, Mr. Surabhai suddenly swung his flag, like an officer with the Colours on parade, and shrieked, "Follow me!"

The policemen struggled with him, holding their lathis across to prevent him from turning, but he dodged them, hopping about like a dancer, while his followers surged round and past. The policemen could not stop them, and were swept along like driftwood in a river.

The Gurkha face peered at them out of the back canvas of the Dodge, and they shouted insults and jeered at it, but no more.

The Moslem procession had stopped where it was supposed to turn. Its band was playing and its leader haranguing it, his back to Mr. Surabhai and the Congress men as they dashed on towards him.

I was roaring with excited laughter—it was really very funny. The crowd was laughing. It was coming off exactly right—not with any beastly violence, but just making the British and the police look foolish.

The two processions met. Mr. Surabhai flung his arms round the leader of the Moslems. The big Congress flag hovered and swept down and round, Mr. Surabhai made such large generous movements.

The top of the pole hit the Moslem League banner, which a man with spectacles was carrying immediately behind the Moslem leader. The Congress flag knocked the Moslem League flag down. Both flags fell into the dirt. The other man's spectacles were knocked off.

Mr. Surabhai stood back and flung out his arms. I heard him cry, his voice cracked with emotion: "We are brothers for freedom!"

A terrific shouting began. A lemonade bottle flashed in the sun and hit Mr. Surabhai on the side of the head. Somebody shouted: "They are trampling on our flag!"

Mr. Surabhai and the Moslem stooped to pick up the flags. They fell or were pushed. They disappeared, and the shouting suddenly changed pitch. Green flags mingled with striped flags, Arabic with English. Sticks and stones flew, with an awful roaring filling the lane.

I said aloud: "Oh no! Oh no!" I found my hands up and my cheeks dry and burning. "Oh no!" I whispered.

Boots clattered down the steps behind me, and a hard hand pushed me to one side.

"Out of the way!" Colonel Savage snarled in Hindustani and ran into the street, followed by the Collector, Birkhe, and the head constable.

Simultaneously, the ten Gurkhas arrived at the double from the station. He must have signalled to them from the housetop.

In the part of the crowd nearest the Collector and the Gurkhas, the people turned round, saw, and began to run away. But they had nowhere to run to. The struggling mass of Congress men and Moslem Leaguers was in front of them, filling the street from side to side. The Gurkhas were behind them. Govindaswami shouted, beckoned, and pointed to one side, showing them that they could get out past the end of the row of Gurkhas.

At my side the Sirdarni shouted in a deep clear voice, in Hindi: "Charge them! They are few!"

Before I could think, let alone speak, Savage whipped round and threw his carbine into my hands and snarled: "You, shoot that woman the next time she opens her mouth!" He turned back to watch the crowd.

"Please!" I whispered to the Sirdarni. "Don't tell them to charge, Beji. Not now. The Collector's trying to get them out without a panic."

THE carbine wavered in my hands. I would only have to pull the trigger. Savage always kept it loaded. The queer, uneasy thing was that I wouldn't have minded. If the people did what the Sirdarni was inciting them to, there'd be a massacre.

I do not know what I would have done, but the Sirdarni said: "He's cunning, that colonel. I wouldn't stop for him. Or for you—or for *that*—if it was really important." She wrapped her sari round the lower part of her face and struggled out and away through the back of the shop.

Gradually the Collector began to make an impression on the crowd in front of him. Gradually the people heard him, turned, saw the line of Gurkhas, began to panic, were calmed down, and filed away along the sides of the street. At last there were only three groaning men, a pale woman being sick, and Mr. Surabhai lying flat in the filth, face up.

The carbine Savage had given me was burning my hands. Oh, he was a quick, cunning swine to give me that, then. I crept away from them in the crowd, walked to the station yard, got on my bicycle, and went slowly back home.

After supper, Rose Mary knocked on the wall between our rooms and called: "Victoria! Hooks, please!" I went through and found Rose Mary standing

"My George is getting so handy around the house. Only today, he got the refrigerator, washing machine, radio and television set working again simply by mending one fuse"

ready by the mirror, her white organdie gaping at the back.

I fastened the hooks and watched her shrug and wriggle and tug. I said, "Where are you going?"

Rose Mary sat down and began to put on a thick coat of pale cream powder. "To the Empire Day social and dance at the Institute," she said. "You wouldn't be coming to *that*, of course. You will be chewing betel nut with Kasel."

The family expected me to keep away from the Institute because I'd had tea at Ranjit's house and gone to the cinema with him.

I said: "Of course. I almost forgot. I *am* coming." I went away to change.

At the Institute, the big hall was hung with red, white and blue bunting and dozens of Union Jacks. I saw at once that we girls would be in our usual majority of at least two to one. Rose Mary flipped open her fan and began to fan herself, glancing to the right and left.

Patrick appeared on the edge of the floor opposite us, fingering the knot of his Old St. Thomasian's tie. I met his eye as he looked about, and quickly turned away. Rose Mary waved her fan, and then Patrick walked over to us. He asked Rose Mary to dance.

I watched them as they danced, but turned away whenever either of them might see me. Many people were dancing by then, about half of them girls with girls.

I saw Colonel Savage sitting at a little table where the old drivers were plying him with whisky. He saw me, but gave no sign that he knew who I was. Nearly next to him the Dunphys were sitting together—Ted, the young driver who had always been fond of me, and Mary, his sister.

I walked over to them. Ted Dunphy got up quickly, blushing hard. I think he was really in love with me. I smiled at him, and said: "I know you don't like dancing, Ted, but I do. Mary, let's dance."

Mary Dunphy said: "I don't feel like dancing." She went red as she spoke. I had seen her dancing earlier in the evening. She had even made Ted dance with her, she wanted so much to dance. I stared at her. Obviously she didn't want to dance with *me*. And obviously the proper thing for me to do was to take the hint. If Savage had asked me to dance then—he was sitting there behind me—I would have accepted. But Savage said nothing.

I said to Mary: "You do feel like dancing. I've been watching you."

"No, I don't a bit," she said breathlessly.

Patrick came over, and said: "She does not want to dance with you, that's the God's truth." He'd had several beers, and his voice was hoarse. Everyone at that end of the hall must have heard us.

I did not turn round. I said to Mary Dunphy: "Well? Are you going to dance with me?"

"No. I don't want to dance with you," Mary said with a sneer. She was braver then, because of Patrick being close and on her side.

"Nobody wants to," Patrick said triumphantly.

"Yes, they do. I do," Ted Dunphy said. His face was scarlet, and he was rubbing his hands against his trousers.

Patrick said: "No you don't, Ted. You stop him, Mary. Don't let him. Why doesn't she go over to the Indian Institute? They have jolly good dances there, I must say."

Colonel Savage laughed.

Ted Dunphy turned to me, and said: "Will you please dance with me, Victoria?"

I put my hand on his arm and said: "Thank you, Ted. Thank you very much. But it is time I went."

I turned my back and walked out, across the middle of the wide centre doors into the hot close night.

Colonel Savage had laughed, when I was standing there without a friend among my own people, when I was an officer serving with his regiment, when he could have done so much for me at so little cost. However much I thought I hated him, God knows what I would not have done for him if he had used his medals and his blue eyes to freeze those cheechees the way he could, and in front of them all asked me to dance with him. He must have known all that, and he laughed. My insides knotted together, I hated him so much.

I STOPPED, holding up my wide skirts that crackled as I walked. I found I was more than halfway to the station. They'd driven me out and I was walking aimlessly, thinking black angry thoughts. They couldn't beat me down like that.

I turned right, passed behind the loco sheds, crossed the branch line, and waited in the street until a tonga came. I told the driver to take me to the Sirdarni-sahiba Kasel's house.

Ranjit opened the door. "Miss Jones! Victoria!" His large eyes were wide and anxious. "What is the matter? What has happened?"

"I haven't——" I began to say, "I haven't killed anyone this time," but I stopped in time. I said: "I would like your mother to help me choose a sari, several saris. I should like to wear the sari always."

To be continued next week

Sir! Is Your Wife a Slave?

Vactric Cleaning Appliances will give her *real* freedom from cleaning and polishing drudgery. They're the most up-to-date in the world—with gentle effortless action and beautiful styling. After-Sales Service facilities are available in all areas throughout the U.K. for over 2,000,000 satisfied Vactric users.

See them in your nearest showroom today!

The Vactric 3-Brush model needs no pushing—gives parquet, board, lino, tiles a rich gloss in minutes!

The Vactric upright model R53 reaches right down to deep-seated dirt in a way no other cleaner can!

The Vactric cylinder model W 202 kit includes 5 dusting tools and Anti-moth vaporiser all in carrier pack.

GIVE YOUR HOME THE MAGIC TOUCH OF

VACTRIC

Send this coupon for illustrated literature and easy terms to
VACTRIC LTD., (Dept. J.B.1) 196-9, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1
Tel.: SLOane 9656 (20 lines)

FREE!

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Meet my sister

Freshly bathed and softly powdered with our soothing, comforting Baby Powder, these exuberantly healthy, adorable twins contentedly await their Cow & Gate.

In the years ahead, how grateful these children will be to their proud mother for choosing for them "this food of kings and king of foods." The future health of your child is of paramount importance and you cannot afford to give your baby anything but the best, so don't delay—get COW & GATE—TODAY.

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD *of* ROYAL BABIES

Fresh...fresh!
freshen your home
with ZAL

Nothing else makes your home as fresh as ZAL. ZAL is the disinfectant with the tang of real pines — and it brings open-air freshness home to you! As soon as you open the bottle you can tell—

ZAL spreads its healthy freshness
— instantly

BIG VALUE BOTTLE 1/-
EXTRA LARGE SIZE 1/6d

She can't see what's wrong with her.....

What is ruining an otherwise gratifying elegance is an unpleasant powdering of dandruff on her collar and shoulders, where everybody can see it. When she discovers it she'll feel quite horrified, yet this trouble and the listless hair that comes with it, are easily avoidable. Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion is an old-established treatment which continues to grow in popularity for one excellent reason . . . it is extremely effective. If you or any of your family are dandruff sufferers ask today for Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion at all chemists and hairdressers. 3/2d. per bottle. Large size 4/4d.

For a complete treatment use also
DR. PAGE BARKER'S
D.43 SHAMPOO

TC/5

REACH FOR THE SKY

Continued from page 15

first straight eighteen holes. Back at the clubhouse, delighted, he said: "You know, I feel so fresh I could do another nine.

"No you don't," Thelma said. "You come and have some tea."

He resolved after that to play eighteen holes every time, and at the end of November he broke a hundred for the first time. One would have thought he had won the Irish Sweep. Next weekend he played twenty-seven holes in one day, and then in December he played eighteen holes one morning and eighteen in the afternoon, returning to the clubhouse utterly exhausted, with the chafed stumps hurting him, sweat pouring off, but grinning all over his face. Even on cold days the sweat ran off him, evidence of the tremendous effort that he had to exert in getting round. That was the only outward sign that told people how hard he had to work at the normally simple process of walking.

Right Foot Fell Off

There was one further complication about playing golf with artificial legs: the feet had a little fore and aft movement but no lateral "give" at all, so that when he straddled his legs to play a shot the ankles were quite stiff and he stood uncomfortably on the inside of each sole. He lamented on this defect at Roehampton, and the ingenious artificial limb makers there designed and fitted a kind of universal joint in the ankles, allowing lateral give against rubber pads, so that he could stand with legs apart and feet flat on the ground.

It felt instantly better the first time he tried it, until at the fourteenth hole his right foot fell off. Luckily he had thought of that possibility and brought a spare pair of legs in the car, so he had only to lie beside the green until Thelma came back with another leg. At Roehampton they redesigned the joint and it gave no trouble thereafter.

That Christmas he got a rise of £25 a year. He was out of debt now and it brought his total income to £475 a year, so that they could really start saving for a second wedding. Yet by this time the passionless decorum of the office was reducing him to restive desperation and he began talking fretfully about throwing it up and trying to get something less stultifying. Several times he spoke to friends who might know of other jobs, but they all advised him depressingly to stay with the company where the future was safe, if unspectacular.

Hopes Were Dashed

One morning (this was 1935) he opened the *Daily Telegraph* and saw a headline: "Royal Air Force To Be Expanded." Under it was a speech by Mr. Baldwin announcing that Britain's frontier was on the Rhine and that Britain must re-arm to keep pace with Germany.

A bigger Air Force meant they would need more pilots! All morning he thought about it, and after lunch he dropped his work and wrote to Air Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, Air Member for Personnel, who had been his Air Officer Commanding when he crashed.

An answer came back in a few days, sympathetic and understanding. Sir Frederick said that if it were left to him he would have Bader back in the service, but there was no chance of persuading others to agree.

Golf was the opiate that made life bearable after that. By late summer he he was good enough to start playing competition, his scores ranging between ninety and 110, with a handicap of eighteen. A few weeks later he won a silver jam spoon in a bogey competition and they dropped his handicap to sixteen.

Miraculously, he and Thelma had still been able to keep their marriage a secret. Living apart was a thing one got used to—after all, husbands and wives in the services were often separated for years. Usually they managed to be together the whole of each weekend, either staying at some pub not far from Fleet (which was the usual reason for his weekend extravagance) or staying with Thelma's grandmother at Windlesham. They preferred a pub when they could afford it because at Windlesham they had to keep pretending they were only engaged.

As well as golf, North Hants had several tennis courts near the clubhouse, and one day in summer Tinny Dean suggested: "Come and have a shot, Douglas." Bader did not need much persuading, though he had to play in heavy crêpe-soled golf shoes because his artificial feet needed a thick heel under them (tennis shoes would have toppled him backwards).

He partnered Dean in doubles and found it surprisingly and refreshingly easy after the tremendous labour of learning to play golf. He was limited in his movements, of course, and out of practice as he had not held a racket for years, but the balance he had learned in swinging a golf club also worked at tennis.

Once or twice he tripped and fell through trying to move faster than his lurching walk allowed, but, as usual, falling was only a detail. When a ball came within reach he was very accurate, with a smashing forehand drive, yet, as with cricket, he felt he could not pull his weight properly. In doubles he could only get to a ball that came reasonably within reach and his partner had to do a tremendous amount of running. He tried singles but that was unsatisfying because his opponent always had to hit the ball back at him and he hated the idea of people playing down to him.

Tongue A Whiplash

Still, it was another successful activity and he played often until he was able to enter for tournaments. One day at Fleet he played seventy-two games on end in a tournament, partnered by a Cambridge golf blue, Horton Row, who ran himself almost down to his knees going for the balls just outside Douglas's reach, spurred on by the breezy whiplash of the Bader tongue in full cry.

The main reason he liked tennis was that he could play with Thelma, though golf remained the first love. His fame reached the ears of the urbane and witty Henry Longhurst, author, golfing journalist and addict, who came down to Fleet to play with him. Longhurst, who had seen just about everything possible to see in golf, was astounded at the first tee when Bader hit a screaming drive. No mean performer himself, being a scratch man, Longhurst was most impressed that day as Bader finished with a card of eighty-one.

They played often after that and Longhurst soon learned that Bader did not like being helped up when he fell, though he was prepared to accept a tug up a hill or a shoulder coming down. Usually they played thirty-six holes a day, and even if his legs were raw after the first eighteen, Bader would never call off the second round unless his partner made the first suggestion.

Longhurst began to notice that Bader always hit good second shots on

". . . By the way, dear—it wasn't *our* cat up the tree after all . . ."

"But you can't *sleep* in this lovely living room!"

"Oh yes we can . . . that "PUT-U-UP kingbed" opens up into a full sized double bed."

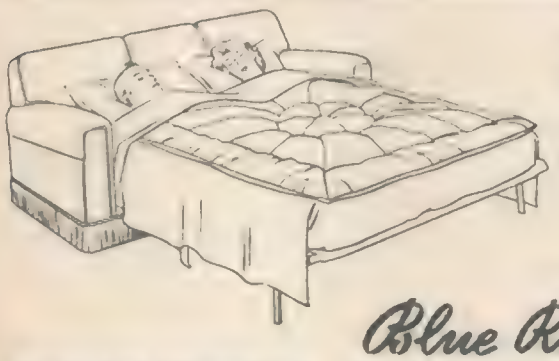
"*Really! . . . And is it comfortable to sleep on?*"

"Marvellous—it has a fully sprung interior mattress, you know."

"*But it goes so beautifully with the other pieces.*"

"Of course. This Blue Ribbon Living Room furniture has been planned as a complete matching range by the PUT-U-UP people. Don't forget that with this furniture you'll *always* have extra sleeping accommodation when you are able to expand. Why don't you send for the booklet?"

"*I certainly will. This looks like the solution to our housing problem. Why—you've got a lovely little modern home all in one room!*"



Blue Ribbon Living Room Furniture—designed as a complete range so that you can furnish piece by matching piece. Cabinet tops finished in Lacewood veneers. The new "PUT-U-UP kingbed" conceals a wondrously comfortable double bed with a 5 in. thick spring-interior mattress resting on helical sprung wire mesh foundation. Low, deep seat and almost effortless, finger tip change from settee to bed. Take advantage of this extra sleeping accommodation if you are furnishing a living room. From good furnishers.

Some pieces from the
Blue Ribbon Furniture Range

Bookcase £10·18·6

Corner Cabinet £11·18·0

Bureau £15·12·6

High Back Easy from £13·19·6

Wing Easy from £15·7·6

Worktable £11·19·6

Card Side Table £10·10·0

Magazine Side Table £7·7·0

Blue Ribbon Furniture for the PUT·U·UP *Living Room*

REGD TRADE MARK

VISIT the PUT-U-UP Showrooms: 3 Princes St., Regent St., W.1. Wolfenden St., Bolton. 259 Sauchiehall St., Glasgow, C 2. 11 St. Nicholas Lane, Aberdeen.

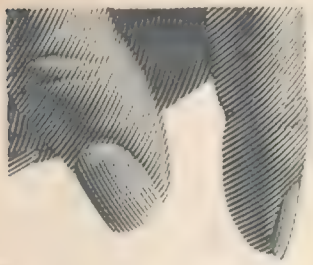
To Greaves & Thomas Ltd., Dept. JBL ., Clapton, E.5. Please send FREE booklet "Blue Ribbon Furniture" giving full range and prices.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Unsealed envelope, 1½d stamp.)



SENIOR SERVICE
Satisfy

You know what you're getting

Wherever you buy Whitbread's Pale Ale, you know that it will always be in splendid condition. It may not be the cheapest but, without doubt, it is the best of the light ales.

Whitbread's Pale Ale is an excellent beer for the home. It keeps so well—if you can keep it! And it always pours clear and brilliant to the last drop. You know that you won't be disappointed. Nor will your friends—

when you order

WHITBREAD

the best of the light ales

the fifth hole, where the fairway sloped gently up to the green. He mentioned this, and Bader said he had noticed the same thing, and thought it was because the uphill stance gave better resistance to his left side against the impact of the club-head hitting the ball and following through.

Longhurst thought it was the fact that the uphill lie made it easier to get squarely behind the ball, but they both agreed that it would be a terribly clever thing to do to take half an inch off one leg so that he could get the same effect even on level ground. "Wish I could do the same," Longhurst said.

At Roehampton, when Bader went along to get the leg shortened, Desoutter looked dubious and said that one short leg might lead to curvature of the spine. Bader said that golf was more important than that and so the adjustment was made on the set of legs he used for golf. Next weekend he felt the benefit immediately, being able to punch the ball farther and more consistently on level ground than before.

He told Longhurst that it worked, and Longhurst wrote a marvelling article in London's *Evening Standard* about the man who had taken half an inch off his left leg to play golf with a permanent uphill lie.

Bader saw it and rang Longhurst in high dudgeon. "You goat," he said. "I had it taken off the right leg, not the left one."

"Good Lord," said Longhurst, "you've taken it off the wrong leg!"

They started arguing about it and have been arguing ever since, though the reason has long since vanished, because Bader had the leg restored a year of two later when his golf had improved permanently.

The Wedding Rehearsal

Slowly, as the months passed, the money began to mount in the bank. Prodded by Thelma's common sense, he was beginning to realize that however much he hated his job it was not so much the job's fault as his own antipathy to that sort of life. The petrol company was the great Shell organization, and it was Thelma who pointed out to him that if he did get another job it would be the same sort of life as in the Shell Company and probably not as good a job. He faced it, reluctantly but with resignation.

It was Thelma's idea, too, that they should get married again on October 5, the fourth anniversary of the uninspiring Hampstead ceremony. She found a flat in a new block going up in West Kensington, and at the end of September the fluctuating bank account was drained again, this time to pay for the furniture.

Only one mild hitch happened at the last moment: at a wedding rehearsal at Avonmore Mansions on the evening of October 4, he bent to kneel in the prescribed way and tipped flat on his face. Everyone laughed amiably: he tried again and tipped forward once more, realizing then for the first time since he had lost his legs that he could no longer kneel on both knees because the wooden feet would not bend and enable him to sit on his heels.

It was a great joke until he said: "What on earth do I do tomorrow?" Geoffrey Darlington, Bader's best man, said he would buttonhole the vicar beforehand and get permission to stand.

She Agreed To "Obey"

Next morning they were remarried, standing, in St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington, Douglas looking very dapper in cutaway coat and sponge-bag trousers, and Thelma weakening at the last moment and uttering the word "obey," which she had vowed she would not do. All the relatives and friends were so warmly happy to see the couple at last married after so many difficulties. Neither "bride" nor "groom" disturbed their sentimental illusions (which have endured to this day).

Afterwards at Avonmore Mansions the champagne flowed freely and for once in his life Douglas joined the others at the trough. As was his nature, he tackled it with rather more zeal than other men, and after seeing him sink the second tumbler, Thelma's mother said: "Douglas, that *is* intoxicating you know." Colonel Addison, Thelma's stepfather, counted five tumblers all told, and was amazed that a man could absorb so much and still stay on his feet, especially artificial ones.

Later, Douglas lurched unassisted to the car with Thelma and drove off for a second honeymoon in Cornwall. At Farnborough they stopped to break the news of the wedding to friends in the Royal Tank Corps mess, where they were refuelled with champagne and sped on their journey.

His First Hangover

Next morning, in their hotel at The Lizard, he awoke to the first and last hangover of his life, and for two days he was unusually tractable. Four years earlier no one had guessed they were on a honeymoon, but this time everyone knew because there had been a photograph in the *Daily Mirror* of them walking out of the church at the wedding with the caption "This Man Has Courage," and a local shop had hung it up in the window. It was exasperating to sense that everyone was smirking tenderly at them as honeymooners when they were really a veteran married couple. Back in London after a fortnight it was glorious to be able to walk into their own flat and shut the door on the world.

Settled in their own home, Thelma soon noticed that his depressed moods which had sometimes gone on for days were becoming rare and brief. Besides, his golf handicap was down to nine and he had started playing squash at the Lensbury Club, a pleasant recreation spot for Shell Company staff near Teddington. She was a little worried about his playing squash; he put so much energy into it that sometimes he came back with eyes sunk in dark sockets from sheer fatigue.

His partners had a gentleman's agreement to try to return the ball just out of reach and Bader lunged furiously about the court, taking some terrible tumbles, with legs thumping and creaking on the protesting floor. Rivets often popped out of the legs under this treatment, and one day the knee bolt of the right leg snapped and, as he fell, the right shin and foot, complete with sock and shoe, shot across the court.

Refused Ground Job

Hitler had never meant much to him until Munich; it was then he realized there was going to be a war and that war was his chance. He wrote to the Air Ministry asking for a refresher flying course so that he could be ready when war came, and a polite note came back saying that the doctors still thought that the legs made him a permanent accident risk. Would he consider an administrative job? He wrote back: No.

About April, 1939, when Hitler was marching into the rest of Czechoslovakia, Geoffrey Stephenson, a friend from Bader's old squadron, was posted to the Air Ministry. Stephenson was friendly with the personal staff officer to the new Air Member for Personnel, Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, and soon, by arrangement under the "Old Chums Act," Bader wrote to Portal asking the same old question.

He got what looked at first like the same old answer: "I am afraid that during peacetime it is not possible for me to permit you to enter a flying class of the reserve." And then he came to the last exciting sentence: "But you can rest assured that if war came we would almost certainly be only too glad of your services in a flying capacity after a short time if the doctors agreed."

It was not perhaps the accepted thing to do, but part of him began almost praying for war. Thelma, full of dread both at the idea of war and of Douglas trying to fly in it without legs, tried miserably to get him to give up the dream, but he would not listen. Colonel Addison suggested that he would never get past the people in Whitehall and Douglas answered

"Finished with the paper, dear?"

fiercely: "Well, by God, I'll sit on their doorsteps till I do get in."

The day after Hitler marched into Poland, he sent Thelma away to join her parents in the country for a few days in case masses of bombers came over when the whistle went. (The family had recently taken over half a bungalow attached to the Pantiles, a café near Bagshot). He had to force her to go because she had a feeling of impending doom which was not soothed by his eager satisfaction at the turn of events.

Next morning, washing up his breakfast things, he heard Chamberlain's tragic voice announcing war. He left the washing up, sat down and wrote to Portal's secretary again.

On the Monday the Shell Company began evacuating some offices to the Lensbury Club, and Bader's boss told him that he would be based there on the list of indispensable workers debarred from call-up.

Bader immediately said: "Would you mind taking my name off that list, sir. I'm not really indispensable and I'm trying to get back into the R.A.F. I don't want to risk my pitch being queered."

"They'll never let you fly," the executive said.

"I'm still going to try, so please whip my name off the list."

"My dear chap, you don't have to do that. No one's going to give *you* a white feather."

A Telegram Arrived

Angry at that, Bader pressed the point and shortly his name was removed from the list. Down at the Lensbury Club he began telephoning and writing peremptory notes to Stephenson to get things moving for him. Then, early in October, a telegram arrived: PLEASE ATTEND AIR MINISTRY ADASTRAL HOUSE KINGSWAY FOR SELECTION BOARD THURSDAY 10.30. BRING THIS TELEGRAM WITH YOU.

Eagerly, on the Thursday, he found the right room. A corporal called his name and he followed into an inner office where, to his surprise, he came face to face with Air Vice-Marshal Halahan, his old commandant at Cranwell. Halahan got up from his desk and shook hands. "Good to see you, Douglas. What sort of job would you like?"

It almost took his breath away.

"General Duties [Flying], of course, sir."

Halahan said: "Oh!" and looked dubious. "I'm very sorry but I'm only dealing with ground jobs here."

His stomach sagged a little. "It's only a flying job I want, sir. I'm not interested in anything on the ground."

Halahan looked at him steadily and silently for some five seconds and then stretched out, took a piece of paper and began writing on it. No words were said. He finished, blotted it, sealed it in an envelope and handed it across. "Take that over to the medical people," he said, "and good luck."

"The Type We Want"

They shook hands again and Bader stumped out. Dying to know what was in the letter, he felt strung up with fearful hope. The feeling mounted as he crossed Kingsway and went up in the lift to the bitterly remembered medical unit.

Bader has never forgotten the sequence of events after that. He wrote them down:

"I visited the various rooms in turn; eyes, ears, nose and throat; blood pressure, heart and lungs—never a shadow of doubt. I asked the last doctor, 'Am I all right for flying?' and he gave a short laugh as though I had been joking. Finally, my file was complete and the wing commander sent for me. I sat down. I could see he was looking at my file as though he were thinking, not reading.

"Then he looked up and said: 'Apart from your legs you're a hundred per cent.' He pushed a bit of paper across to me, and said: 'Have you seen this?' It was Halahan's note. I said: 'No, sir.' I looked at it and as far as I remember it read:

" 'I have known this officer since he was a cadet at Cranwell under my command. He's the type we want. If he is fit, apart from his legs, I suggest you give him A.1.B. category and leave it to the Central Flying School to assess his flying capabilities.'

"I handed the note back without a word. I looked at him. I had the feeling of being tremendously alert at a terribly important cross-road. I think I stopped breathing. I remembered 1932—the same scene, different circumstances, different man behind the desk saying there was nothing in King's Regulations to let me through. The silence seemed to go on. I don't know whether it was a second or ten seconds. I had the feeling the doctor wanted to look away, but I was not going to let him. I was looking directly

His sports jacket
bears a mark which is
PROTECTED BY LAW!

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
REGISTERED TRADE MARK Nº 319214
GRANTED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH
MADE FROM 100% PURE WOOL

and you'll know this mark is on the cloth

There are many things about Harris Tweed which make it different from all other tweeds. Its quality, style and character for instance. But did you know it bears a Mark which is legally protected? The Harris Tweed Trade Mark has been granted by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark to guarantee that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, hand-woven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.

Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

DEAF HEAR

WITH SPECTACLES!

NOTHING IN OR ON THE EARS!
NO BATTERY CORD!
NO HEADBAND!

The new Fortiphone 'SPECTA-PHONE' Hearing Aid improves the power and clarity of bone-conduction hearing and makes a headband unnecessary. It is, therefore, more comfortable and convenient.

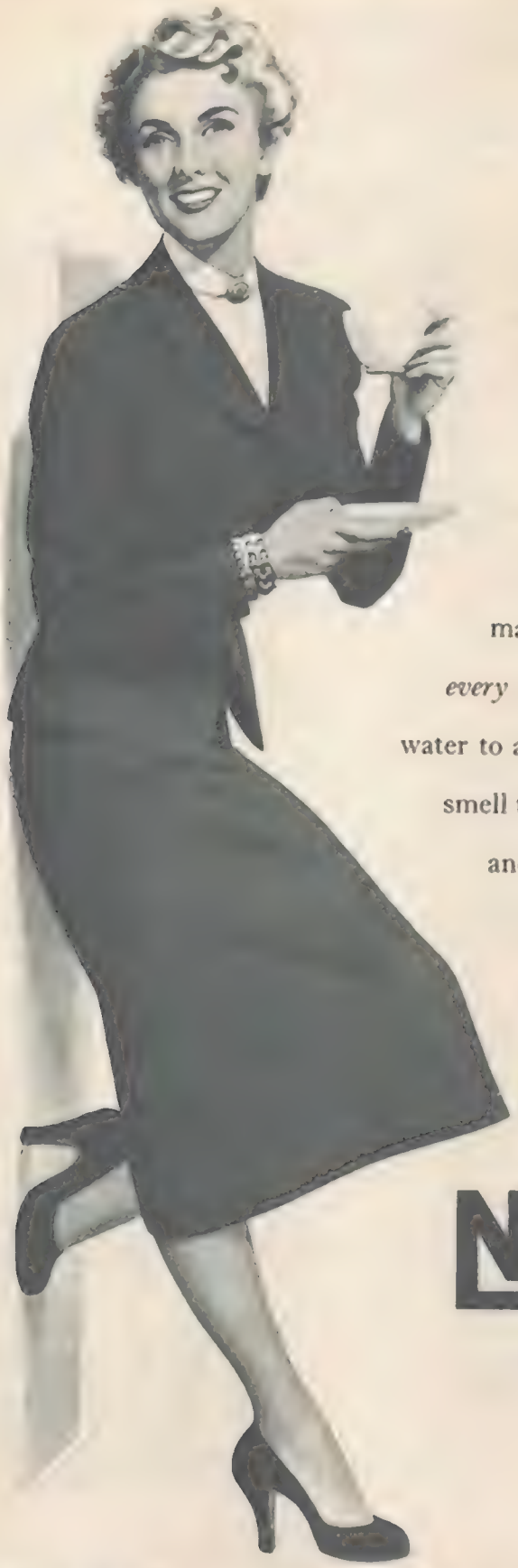
Only by personal test can you judge the comfort and convenience of this and other new Fortiphone Aids to Hearing. Ask for Free Consultation and Test at our Consultation Rooms (*hours* 9 - 5.30, *Sats.* 9 - 12.30) or in your own home. Call, phone REGent 2024, write, or post this coupon today.

Full Year's Guarantee. Apply within 30 days for Money-saving Offer!

Test it Free! Call, phone, write, or post this Free Home Test Coupon

to FORTIPHONE LIMITED (Dept. 98), Fortiphone House, 247 Regent Street, London, W.1
Please tell me more about the new 'SPECTA-PHONE' Hearing Aid and Free Home Test Offer advertised in John Bull, 24/4/54

Name .....
(Mr, Mrs, Miss, or title)
Address .....
.....
Phone: REGent 2024 **BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE**



there's always time for Nescafé

Apart from being so quick and easy to make, Nescafé gives you extra nice coffee—*every* time. Immediately you add piping hot water to a teaspoonful of Nescafé the roaster-fresh smell tells you it's going to be good! Add milk and sugar to taste—and the first sip confirms your judgment! Yes, Nescafé is full of lively flavour—try it, you'll enjoy it.

NESCAFÉ

for grand coffee quickly

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

99KA

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B your digestion will suffer; you will become headachy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast to-day. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9.

TWO OF OUR STAFF CHEMISTS made it for their own use. Naturally, with their knowledge and our resources they were able to create the finest preparation ever made, or ever likely to be made. BUT—and this is the point—instead of keeping it to themselves they let their friends try it as well. Before long, Chemists all over the country were being asked for it. If you, too, want the easiest, smoothest, most comfortable shave ever, go along to your chemist for a tube of PARKE-DAVIS SHAVING CREAM

at him, willing him to think my way.

"He said, 'I agree with Air Vice-Marshal Halahan. We're giving you A.1.B. and it's up to the flying chaps. I'll recommend they give you a test.'"

It was too big a moment to show emotion. He felt a serenity pervading him, turning into a glow like a man who feels his fourth whisky flooding him with soft fire. His face hardly changed, except that he took a deep breath, said correctly: "Thank you very much, sir," and walked out, feeling that the wasted years were cancelled and he was picking up life again from the moment he had crashed, back on a par with the chosen few.

Broke News To Thelma

In that mood he drove to the Pantiles. As he walked in the doorway the family was listening to a gramophone, the tea things still on the table. Thelma switched off the music and said: "Hallo, what are you doing here? Lost your job?"

"No," he said. "I'm getting my old one back."

Ever since he had known Thelma she had always retired into a studied restraint in moments of crisis. The deeper the feeling the less she allowed it to show. The most she said this time was, miserably: "I suppose you'll be very happy now."

Days passed with no more word from the R.A.F. and he became impatient. It was not that he wanted to burst straight into action because there was no fighting, except far off in Poland. He just wanted to get back into the R.A.F., into an aeroplane and get the feel of the life again, especially now that there was a purpose in it.

On October 14 a telegram came from the Central Flying School at Upavon: REPORT FOR TEST EIGHTEENTH OCTOBER. He drove down next morning.

It was over seven years since he had flown—he was bound to be rusty—but only on the way down did the insidious, disturbing thought cross his mind that he might fail. He tried to put it out of his mind but it would not go.

It was odd at first walking into the grey stone mess in flannels and sports coat while everyone else walked about confidently in uniform. He felt awkward and out of place until he came across his old friend Joe Cox there, and the thickset, amusing Rupert Leigh whom he had known at Cranwell.

"You're my meat," Leigh said menacingly. "I am the maestro of the refresher flight and I give you your test. I know you will behave courteously towards me." That demolished the insidious fear. Under "The Old Chums Act" it was in the bag unless he made some unthinkable blunder.

Cockpit Was Strange

After lunch Leigh took him out to a Harvard advanced trainer on the undulating grass field. This was going to be different from the old Bulldog he had flown in 1931: the Harvard was a sturdy monoplane, its cockpit crammed with a hundred instruments and knobs compared to the twenty odd in the Bulldog. It had all the modern things he had never encountered before, flaps, constant speed propeller, retractable undercarriage and brakes. Brakes! To his horror, when he got into the cockpit he saw that the Harvard had foot-brakes and they were a physical impossibility for him to manipulate sensitively as well as the rudder pedals.

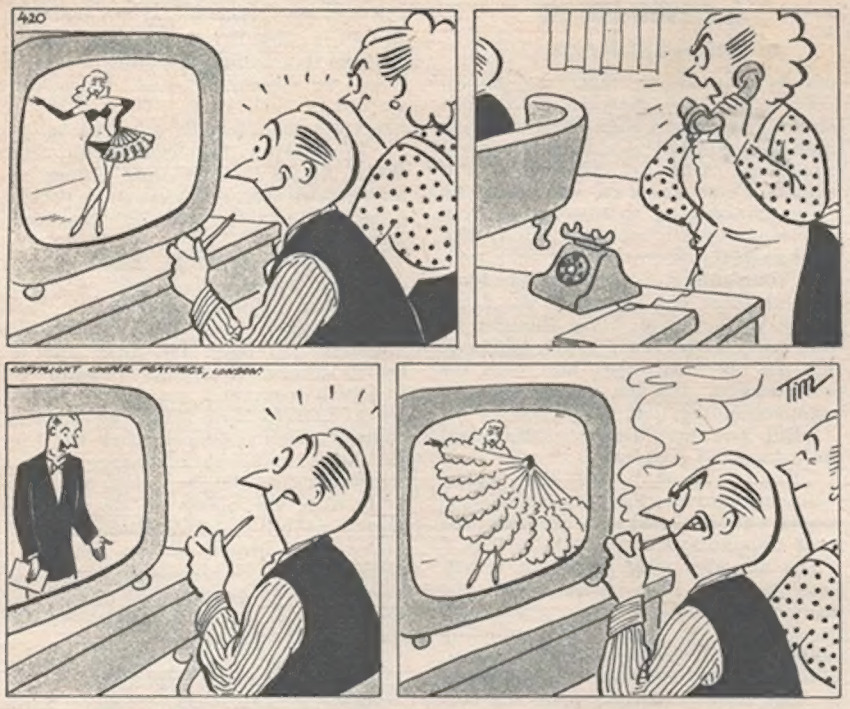
Leigh soothed his truculent lament: "Forget about the brakes. I'll work them. You won't have to worry about them after today because the Harvard's the only aircraft in the service that hasn't got a hand-brake on the stick." Leigh did a "circuit and bump" and then taxied back to the downwind perimeter and said: "Right. She's yours."

Bader was too busy to feel that This Was The Moment. He went through the cockpit drill, turned into wind and opened the throttle. Soon the Harvard lifted, docile in his hands, and he remembered to change pitch as she climbed. Just for a minute or two it felt a little strange, but as he flew round for a quarter of an hour the "feel" came back, dispersing the last wisp of unease and filling him with joy.

When they taxied in and got out

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Leigh's first words were, "Well, it's damn silly asking me if you can fly. However, I'll humour them and write recommending that you be re-admitted to the fold and posted here for a full refresher course."

He went back to the Lensbury with warm content.

Towards the end of November an Air Ministry envelope arrived. He ripped it open and there it was in detached official language: they would take him back, not on the Volunteer Reserve but as a regular officer re-employed in his former rank and seniority (which meant higher pay). His retired pay would cease but his hundred per cent disability pension would continue. (That was a droll touch—hundred per cent fit and hundred per cent disabled.) If the terms were acceptable would he kindly state when he was prepared to report to C.F.S. for duty.

That day was a Friday. He wrote back, naming Sunday, rang his tailor to demand a new uniform within a week, and left his desk for the last time. That gave him a final day with Thelma at the Pantiles, and he could not disguise his glee until, on the Sunday when he had put his bag in the M.G. and was ready to go, Thelma, for the first time since he had known her, gave way, and the tears began trickling down her face as she stood by the car. Then she turned and ran into the house.

He drove away greatly sobered, and the mood stayed until he turned in past the guardroom at Upavon: at that moment he felt back in the Air Force again.

First Flight Since Crash

Next day, an old friend. Christopher Clarkson, took him up in an Avro Tutor for his first flight as an active officer since the crash. His first landing was workmanlike and his second a neat three-pointer. As he turned downwind again Clarkson hauled himself out of the cockpit and said: "She's all yours, chum."

"This, then, was the moment," he wrote. "At last I was alone with an aeroplane. November 27, 1939—almost exactly eight years after my crash.

"I turned Tutor K3242 into wind and took off. I remember the afternoon as clearly as today. It was 3.30, a grey sky with clouds at 1,500 feet and a south-west wind. A number of aeroplanes were flying around. I went a little way from the crowd. . . ."

Shortly the telephone rang in Rupert Leigh's office and Leigh picked it up and heard the cold voice of Wing Commander Pringle, the chief flying instructor: "Leigh! I have just landed. On my way down I passed a Tutor upside down in the circuit area at six hundred feet."

Leigh froze with foreboding. The frigid voice continued: "I *know* who it was. Be good enough to ask him not to break *all* the flying regulations straight away."

When Bader landed and taxied in he found Leigh beside him, saying: "Don't do it. Please don't do it."

"Do what?"

Leigh told him what had happened, but Bader could not very well explain to him that on his first solo flight he *had* to turn the aeroplane upside down at forbidden height. At the time he did not know himself that it had any connection with his last flight in the Bulldog, when, in a similar manoeuvre, he had crashed and lost his legs.

Time continued to slide by with flying every day and comradeship in the mess at night. Thelma came down to stay with Joe Cox and his wife for a week and found Douglas happier than she had ever seen him. After that she did not mind him being back in the Air Force so much, though the thought of the future still terrified her.

"He Lives For Flying"

At the end of January Joe Cox said to him: "Well, *we're* happy about your flying if you are. You might as well crack off to a squadron."

Bader immediately rang Geoffrey Stephenson, who had deftly eased himself out of the Air Ministry and was now commanding 19 Squadron at Duxford. The squadron had Spitfires and Stephenson set about getting him an immediate posting to it.

Before he went on end-of-course leave he saw the reports on his flying. Cox's report said: "When flying with this officer it is quite impossible to even imagine that he has two artificial legs. He is full of confidence and possesses excellent judgment and air sense. . . . I have never met a more enthusiastic pilot. He lives for flying."

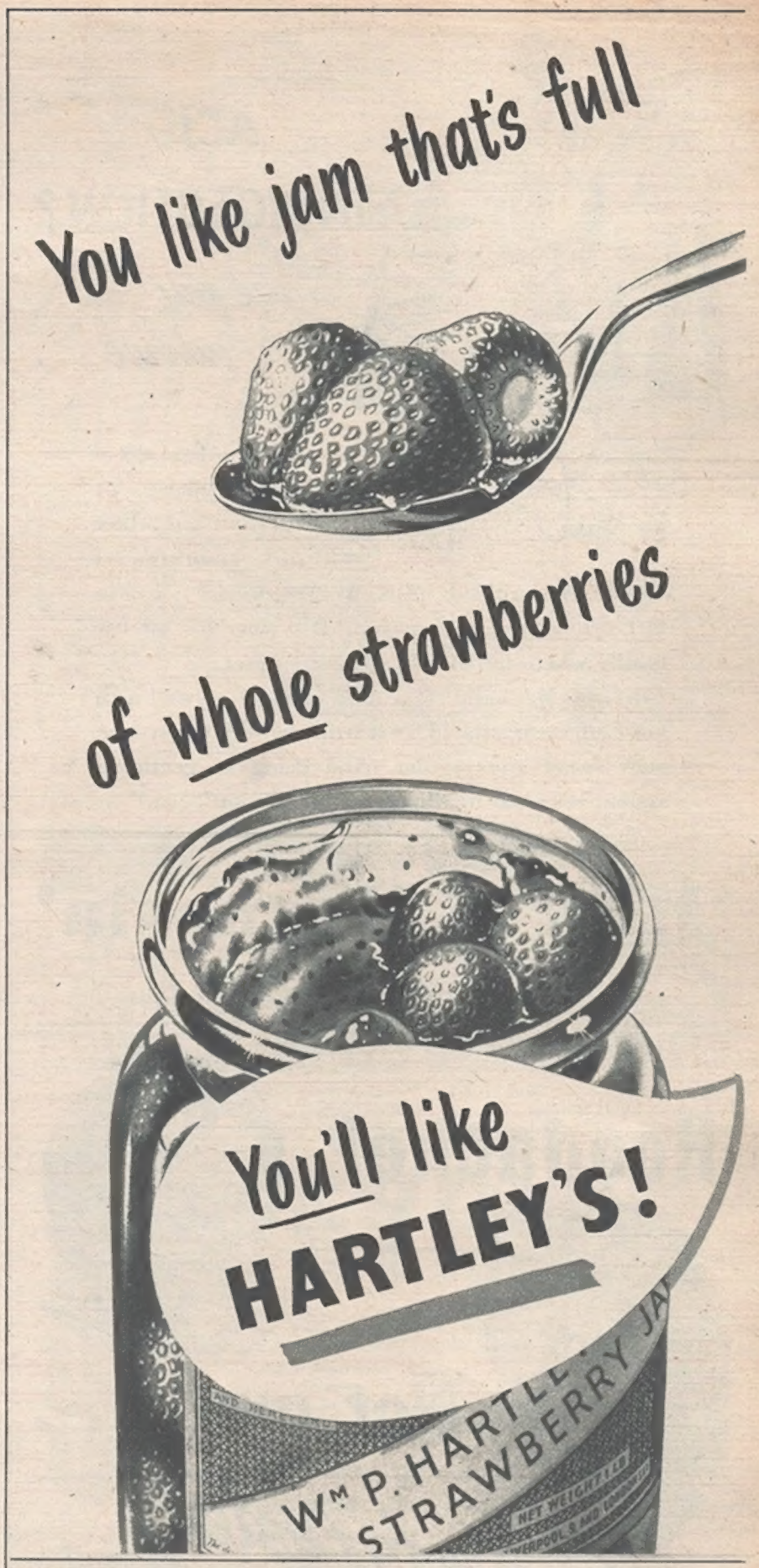
As O.C. Refresher Squadron, Stainforth noted: "I am in full agreement with this report," and then in Bader's log-book under the heading "Ability as a pilot," he wrote: "Exceptional."

On February 3, Bader drove to the Pantiles for his leave and the next four days were not cheerful. Thelma, unable to mask her feelings as well as usual, was worrying about him, and he was restless day and night wanting to get on with it because he'd feel *really* back in the Air Force again when he got to a squadron.

A telegram ended the waiting: POSTED 19 SQUADRON DUXFORD WITH EFFECT FROM FEBRUARY 7. The date was already February 7.

Thelma, the stoic again, packed his kit, and within two hours he was on his way in the M.G., feeling happier than he could remember.

NEXT WEEK: Bader makes his first kill in the battles over Dunkirk. "Reach For The Sky" is published as a book by Collins at 16s.



Try it on!
The famous Nu-back Corselette
extends as you sit...
contracts as you stand
ONLY 5/- DEPOSIT
Heard about our amazing NU-BACK Corselette? You stoop . . . sit . . . stretch —it never rides up. Yet the skilful underbelted design means perfect figure support. And with it all, undreamed of freedom that has to be experienced to be believed. Lovely in pink floral batiste. Bust 32" to 46". Price 37/11. Money-back offer! Send 5/- deposit, with Bust, Waist, Hip sizes. Balance 6/6 monthly if preferred. Money refunded if not completely delighted.
Ambrose Wilson Ltd
481 Ambron House London S.W.1

ACID INDIGESTION?

Take my advice . . .

"I'm often asked what I advise for indigestion and other tummy troubles. I always recommend 'Milk of Magnesia'* . . . in fact it's what I use myself. It's ideal for all the family whenever there's a tummy upset.

'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as a most effective antacid, so it helps to keep the system both sweet and regular. And being so gentle in action, it's ideal for Baby's 'windigestion', too."

4 oz. size 1/8 — 12 oz. size 3/4

'Milk of Magnesia'

* REGD. TRADE MARK

The Family Standby for Acid Indigestion

Headache?

Not me! . . .

Nothing acts faster than ANADIN- and it's SAFE!

WHY 'ANADIN' GIVES FAST RELIEF

There are four reasons for the speed and safety with which 'Anadin' acts. The pure aspirin is balanced by phenacetin to enhance and prolong the relieving power of the aspirin. Caffeine and quinine eliminate the depressing after-effects so often experienced after the use of old-fashioned remedies.

Tens of thousands of professional people who deal daily with the problem of pain know and use 'Anadin', and know 'Anadin'—fast and safe—is absolutely suitable for ordinary people.

COLDS & FLU

'Anadin' will stop many a cold or touch of 'flu from developing — and will reduce the severity and duration of all attacks.

NEURALGIA

Don't suffer the stab and ache of neuralgia or any nerve pains. 'Anadin' brings fast relief without the risk of any unpleasant after-effects.

'ANADIN' Tablets . . . from chemists everywhere, 20 for 1/9d, or 50 for 3/6d

MR. HAWKEN GIVES DISASTER A SILVER LINING

Continued from page 22

him by various insurance companies.

According to Hawken, adjusters have an unwritten code that their job must be completed regardless of adverse conditions. One of Hawken's colleagues, Peter Andrews, was seized by a Communist gang as he returned from a burned-out rubber plantation fifty miles from Rangoon. He and his travelling companions were hustled forty miles through the jungle to the Communist bandit chief. "We thought we were going to be shot," says Andrews. But the chief surprised him with his first question: "When are you going to begin rebuilding that plantation?"

"But you just destroyed it," said the astonished Andrews.

"Yes, I know," said the leader. "But my raid has thrown a lot of local people out of work and I'm now the most unpopular man in the district."

The adjuster must maintain a balance between the insured and the insurers, but Hawken is often confronted by a maze of conflicting evidence when trying to check claims. When he flew to India and Pakistan towards the end of 1949, after the partition of the two countries, he found tremendous confusion. Thousands of Hindus were fleeing from Pakistan and an equal number of Moslems were leaving India. Wealthy merchants had left their shops and substantial houses at a moment's notice.

"The two governments seized most of these properties to protect them against looters," says Hawken, "but for once I found it impossible to reconstruct what had happened, so complete had been the chaos."

Suspected Witnesses

The owner of one store in Karachi had fled to India and his property had been sequestrated and sealed by the Pakistan Government. When he received an inventory of the store's contents he claimed that it had been looted and reported a huge list of missing goods, including more than £12,000 worth of silks. With his claim, he included two affidavits from witnesses.

Hawken, checking the affidavits, became suspicious at their similarity. He had one of the signatories interviewed in Delhi. "The man couldn't even read, much less write his own name," says Hawken, "and the insurance has not been paid yet."

In cases of theft, Hawken supplements the work of the police. But he has the advantage of being able to operate on an international level. When a package containing £5,000 in cash was flown from Madagascar to Karachi recently, it was discovered, on arrival, to contain five copies of a London newspaper and a bar of soap. Hawken discarded the papers as useless for evidence, but he sent the soap to the manufacturers in England. By piecing together such clues as the possible selling locality and the likely buyer of the soap, he hopes to provide information that will lead to the stolen money.

Rain Flooded The Rum

There are no limits to the time and trouble an adjuster spends on a case. While in Jamaica, Hawken found that the hurricane had ripped the roofs off rum distilleries, allowing rain to cascade into the huge rum vats, some as big as a room and up to twenty-five feet high. "As rum grows older," says Hawken, "its proof spirit content grows higher, thus increasing its value. My difficulty was to determine the value of the rum at the time it was ruined." He worked hours into the night preparing a huge chart, running into thirty-six columns of figures, which theoretically should have made an estimate simple.

"But I learned that the value of rum depended not on chemical analysis, but on a professional taster's opinion," he says. "My system was nearly useless." After long talks with the rum distillers, he finally arranged an amicable agreement of claims totalling £60,000.

From Jamaica, he flew to Trinidad to discuss damage done by the hurricane to the radio station. Hawken's trained eye can recognize almost immediately equipment that can be salvaged, and he ordered thousands of pounds' worth of radio equipment to be thoroughly washed in fresh water. Then he laid it out, and dried it with infra-red lamps.

"We tested the equipment after that," he says. "If it didn't stand up to rigorous use, I classed it as permanently damaged, and the insurance company paid."

On rare occasions, Hawken has dealings behind the Iron Curtain. "From an insurance aspect, the Russians do their work in a business-like manner," he says. His firm was recently concerned with a Teheran fire in which insurance was jointly shared by a London firm and the Russian State Insurance Office. After the fire, Hawken's local agent began routine investigations, but he could not compete with the speed of the Russian representative. "The Russian interviewed the owner of the building," says Hawken, "and asked him casually how much he intended to claim. He then wrote him out a cheque for the full amount—£20,000."

Deluge Of Molasses

Hawken deals with claims perhaps more accurately, but occasionally his work is delayed for years. In 1938, a consignment of molasses at Zeebrugge burst from its tanks, spread through warehouses and buildings, causing great damage, and froze.

"It was a terrible mess," says Hawken, "and we were still trying to deal with claims and counter-claims through the Belgian courts when the war broke out. By the time the war was over, most of the chief witnesses and litigants were either dead or missing. It took nearly sixteen years to clear up the case."

Most people with whom Hawken deals are honest. "In fact," he says, "they are honest to the point of financial loss." A farmer recently reported that a fire had destroyed his house and outbuildings. Hawken surveyed the damage, checked it against the farmer's policy and then informed him that he had not claimed for an entire building—a chicken house.

"Many people don't realize that insurance companies are inflexibly devoted to paying what they owe, not what they can get way with," says Hawken. "Frequently, they pay out beyond their liability." He recently dealt with a warehouse fire which destroyed £5,000 worth of silk—half an importer's stocks. "Through a mistake," says Hawken, "the importer had only £8,000 in insurance, which meant that company liability was £4,000. However, the importer was an excellent client and, as a gesture, the insurance company gave him the extra £1,000."

Diamond In The Canal

In Hawken's work, truth is often stranger than fiction. A wealthy American woman reported the loss of a large diamond to Hawken's Venetian agent before the war. She said a pendant containing the stone had fallen from her neck into a canal while she was leaning over a balcony during a party. A diver was sent down, but he found only the pendant with the jewel missing. Later, he found the stone, but it was made of glass.

"All the evidence pointed to fraud by the insured," says Hawken, "and our agent applied to a Venetian court for a legal investigation, but the war began soon after." However, the insurance company decided to pay and it was not till after the war, when the diver in the case died, that Hawken learned the solution of the mystery.

The diver's wife, conscience-ridden, reported that her husband had found the pendant, prised loose the diamond, come to the surface and swallowed the stone. From the original, he had a fake stone manufactured to throw suspicion on the woman who had lost the diamond.

"We never recovered a penny from the case," says Hawken. "The original diamond had long before been cut up and scattered all over Europe." THE END

GIANT EUROPEAN TOUR OFFER—PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,200!

"Bullets" 1st Prize INCREASED to

£750

CASH PLUS 1,300-MILE "FOUR COUNTRIES" COACH TOUR for TWO

—all for 2, 3 or 4 words!

ANOTHER giant 2-in-1 First Prize for a *Bullet* is within *your* reach this week. The cash rockets to £750 and with the cheque goes a thrilling 1,300-mile luxury coach tour of Europe for two.

Your nine days' celebration holiday (arranged by Cooks) takes you and your companion in comfort to Brussels, Luxembourg, Lucerne, Berne, Paris—a "Four Countries" tour of half Western Europe. To a winner unable to accept tour starting August 14, a cheque in lieu will be offered.

Cash and Feasts!

COUPON below also puts you in the running for 1,619 other must-be-won prizes, including these cheques: £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, *two* of £5 and *ten* of £2 10s. Also 100 Prizes of 5s., followed by 1,500 "Good Shots," each with novel £5 opportunity. And see coupon for details of new Surrey Fowl "extras"!

One More Chance!

"MY *Bullets* Golden Guide for 1954 is worth a hundred times its weight in *golden* ideas!" declares Mr. W. S. Goldsworthy (Westcliff-on-Sea). The huge response to recent offers of that practical guide to *Bullets* success necessitated a reprint. As a result, you have this *one* further opportunity only of securing a *free* and *post-free* copy. See below how to get it by entering this week's £1,200 Contest.

Their Honeymoon

LOOKING out over a lovely lake in Switzerland are Mr. and Mrs. R. Murray (8 Grace Avenue, Belfast), snapped while on their honeymoon. And that honeymoon abroad was the luxury coach tour of Europe for two which accompanied the £500 cheque Mr. Murray won last year for a *Bullet*. "Our thrilling holiday," he said, "was beyond our wildest dreams—and all for four simple words!"

ANOTHER GRAND "BULLETS" HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 1,929

FIRST PRIZE, £750 plus HOLIDAY CRUISE for TWO:
R. E. Pratt, 54 Lavington Road, Ealing, W.13:
With Butterflies Inside—Man—Watching H-bomb "Chrysalis"

£50: Mrs. M. Rae, 18a Low Moor Side, New Farnley, Leeds: IN A CLOUD OF CONFETTI — ME — DUSTING WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH!

£25: H. V. Lambshire, 100 Valentine Court, Perry Vale, Forest Hill, S.E.23: HOT UNDER THE COLLAR—COLD AROUND HEART—MAN.

OTHER PRIZES: £10: G. M. Adams, 13 Southfield Road, Oxford: MAY GO UP—"PRICE" OF *Votes*, GOVERNMENT! £9: Mrs. J. M. Taylor, 18 Windermere Avenue, Kirk Hallam, Ilkeston: AFTER ALL THE EXPLOSIONS—CAN MAN BE "DEAF"? £8: S. H. Tarbert, 16 Burlington Gardens, Chadwell Heath, Essex: AFTER ALL THE HANDSHAKES—DELEGATES COULDN'T GRIP *Pen*! £7: Miss B. Clark, 4 Pinfold Avenue, Blackley, Manchester: DYING FOR A GOOD—HOLIDAY—SO "PACKING" *Weeks*. £6: Mrs. E. Edwards, 65 Church Road, Malvern Link, Worcs: IN A CLOUD OF CONFETTI—RADIATING HAPPINESS—ATOM SCIENTIST! £5: B. R. Elias, 3 Lyndhurst Close, High Wycombe: TRYING TO BE FUNNY—SERGEANT? "IMAGINE I'M *Enemy*—" £5: A. Goodwin, Sawpit Lane, Dunham Massey, Altrincham: THE McCARTHY PUBLIC — "LAUNDRY" — WOULDN'T "WASH" *Here*.

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 "*Bullets*" Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

HOW TO WIN £750 and TOUR

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Concert Of Nations	Small Shopkeeper
In Life's Book	Struggling To Survive
Dictator McCarthy	Reams Of Instructions
Free From Fear	Noise Downstairs
One Or Two H-bombs And	Half-price
The Velvet Glove	Wants Watching
Yours To Command	Ready For Summer
The Birds And The Bees	Man With A Thirst
Roaming Around	Shouting The Odds
That Bubble, Popularity	At The Foot Of The Ladder

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Someone At The.....	Livened.....Up
With Every	Too Old To.....
Devil Of A.....	She's No....., But

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated May 22 and in JOHN BULL dated May 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 15, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,934 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,934, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... |6d.

B

EX. ..... |6d.

B

EX. ..... |6d.

B

SURREY FOWLS A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No..... .....

1,934 Closing Postmark MONDAY, May 3

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

TO HELP YOU WIN Don't miss your entertaining "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Stick 2½d. stamp on right to receive copy on Monday, May 17 **747**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

FREE £125,000 GUIDE TO "BULLETS" SUCCESS

SIMPLY make an entry of FOUR or more *Bullets* (with correct fee, see Rules), for this week's Cash-plus-Tour Prize. Address and enclose Gift Label with your entry—and you will receive FREE and POST-FREE the 64-page Golden Guide, packed with practical help for would-be winners.

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS GIFT LABEL

To secure my Golden Guide FREE, I enclose with this Gift Label my entry of FOUR or more *Bullets* for Contest No. 1,934.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....

HALF-FEE COUPON for 4 EXTRA "Bullets"—1s. ONLY

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

HALF-FEE COUPON

—valid at half-fee of 1s. ONLY if enclosed with fully completed 2s. coupon from this page.

Signed .....

Address.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,934 .....

EXCELENE LUBRICATING OIL

Leakproof non-spill can with handy 2-way spout

FOUR E's FOR EASE

The world's finest oil for gardening tools, prams, cycles and every domestic use. Sold by ironmongers and cycle shops everywhere.

11d PER 4oz CAN

THE NUMBER OIL CO. LTD. (Home Dept.), HULL

Do you suffer from

Exhaustipation?

IT HITS MOST OF US at times. We wake up in the morning feeling tired, sour, and headachy. That's Exhaustipation—the tiredness caused by constipation!

The trouble lies in your colon—the last 4 or 5 feet of your 28 feet of intestine. This is like a soft rubber pipe, and it has to carry all the waste from the food you eat.

When this waste slides through smoothly, you feel fine. But sometimes it doesn't. It gets blocked. And then you feel heavy, sour, depressed—till you clear that pipeline.

Nothing better has been found for this job in 4,000 years, than a vegetable extract called podophyllin. Not a habit-forming drug, but a natural herb that works in Nature's way. This precious extract, carefully blended into Carters Little Liver Pills, gets that pipeline working smoothly and sweetly again—and you feel marvellous!

Carters Little Liver Pills cost 1/8d. Take Carters today—and tomorrow the world will be all smiles.

What Hospitals prescribe for Indigestion

Writing recently on the subject of indigestion, a famous doctor stated "Of the thousands of gallons of medicine handed out . . . at ——— Hospital, the record is still held by Haust. Gent. cum Rheo Alk. (Alk. being Sodium Bicarbonate)".

In other words, an alkaline prescription based on Sodium Bicarbonate is still widely favoured by the medical profession. And that is why millions of stomach sufferers all over the world—in 45 different countries—rely on 'Bismag'. In 'Bismag', superfine Sodium Bicarbonate is combined with Bismuth and Magnesium compounds to ensure quicker, surer relief in cases of indigestion, flatulence, heartburn etc. Insist on the tried and trusted prescription. Ask your chemist for 'Bismag'—75 tablets 1/8.

Relieve painful

HÆMORRHOIDS

this safe speedy way

The pain and distressing worry of hæmorrhoids is quickly relieved by the use of GERMOLOIDS suppositories. Irritation vanishes. Bowel movement is easy and painfree. Box of 12 for 2/3.

FREE: Send now for informative booklet telling you all about Hæmorrhoids. Write to: VENO DRUG CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.1), St. Helens, Lancs.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

PLANTOIDS

will keep cropping up!

says **FRED STREETER** V.M.H

WE are proud to have produced a new, scientific method of plant feeding. We are even more proud of praise from the public.

READ WHAT USERS SAY

They (Plantoids) are the finest plant food I have ever used. The Begonias are twice the normal size and some of the flowers are 5" across.

F.E.H., Lee.

The Committee made extensive experiments with Plantoids. The results have been quite amazing.

B.V.C., Gatcaere.

Many thanks for marketing a product as good as Plantoids. I entered 14 classes and won 13 prizes.

W.N.C., New Cross.

What wonderful things your Plantoids are. I have had a marvellous crop of Tomatoes.

Mrs. N., Sheffield.

Fed with Plantoids the cucumber shown in the snapshot was 24½" in length, 3 lbs. 11½ ozs. in weight.

C.H.B., Harrow.

Grateful thanks. Our roses, etc., have been more beautiful than ever before.

A.E.R., Ely.

What a marvellous plant feeding substance Plantoids have proved. Never have I had flowers grow so big and beautiful.

B.B., London.

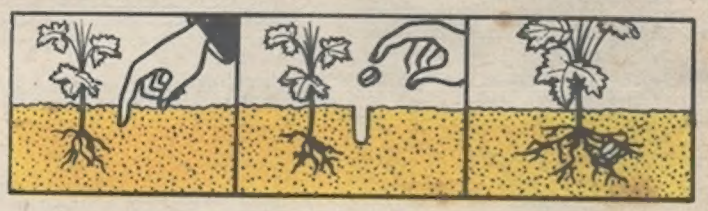
I have used Plantoids for Sweet Peas, one plant has produced a flower stem bearing ten buds. Plantoids are prodigious.

L.C., Blackpool.

The above are extracts from unsolicited letters on our files.

PLANTOIDS are news! Just what we gardeners have been waiting for . . . a single fertiliser containing NITROGEN for growth, POTASH for stamina, PHOSPHATES for ripening, IRON and MANGANESE for colour with CALCIUM to keep soil sweet and NAPHTHALENE to repel soil pests, all accurately compounded in a handy tablet that you place where it does most good . . . right alongside the plants. PLANTOIDS get to the root of things.

SO SIMPLE TO USE



1 *Make a hole near the plant.* 2 *Drop in a Plantoid.* 3 *Nature does the rest.*

USE THEM FOR Garden Plants, Vegetables, House Plants, Window Boxes, Pot Plants.

MR. STREETER'S ADVICE on the majority of Plants included in every packet.

START BETTER GARDENING TO-DAY

with PLANTOIDS

REGD.

PLANT GROWTH TABLETS

Get them from all Chemists, Co-ops, Ironmongers, Seedsmen and Multiple Stores, etc.

HALF PACK (OVER 150 TABLETS) 2/-

GROWERS PACK (OVER 1,000 TABLETS) 8/-

STANDARD PACK OF OVER 300 3/6

DISTRIBUTORS: GRAHAM FARISH LTD., BROMLEY, KENT, MAKERS OF SNAP VACUUM CLOSURES